

# The Musical World

AND

## Dramatic Observer.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1890.

WEEKLY. PRICE 3d.

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NEXT FORTNIGHTLY CONCERT, THIS EVENING (SATURDAY) June 7, at 8 o'clock.  
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Director—Sir GEORGE GROVE, D.C.L., LL.D.  
NEXT COLLEGE CONCERT (ORCHESTRAL) THURSDAY, 12th June, 1890, at 8.  
The HALF TERM will commence 12th June.  
Regulations and other information may be obtained from Mr. George Watson, Registrar, at the College.  
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The next STUDENTS' ORCHESTRAL INVITATION CONCERT will take place at the College on SATURDAY, June 14, at 4 o'clock.  
The Programme will include Symphony No. 1 in C (Beethoven); Overture, "The Mock Doctor" (Gounod); Melodies for Strings (E. Grieg); Organ Concerto No. 2 in B flat (Handel); Concerto for two Violins and String Orchestra (Bach); and Pianoforte Concerto in G minor (Mendelssohn).  
The HALF-TERM commences this week, and the Prospectus, &c., with full particulars as to fees, can be obtained, post free, from the undersigned.  
By order of the Academical Board,  
Mandeville-place, Manchester-square, W. SHELLEY FISHER, Secretary.

**COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.**  
PROPOSED ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE SESSION, 1890.  
July 1 ... Lecture at 8 p.m.  
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" 16 ... F.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing) at 10 a.m.  
" 17 ... F.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing) at 10 a.m.  
" 18 ... Distribution of Diplomas at 11 a.m.  
" 22 ... A.C.O. Examination (Paper Work) at 10 a.m.  
" 23 ... A.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing) at 10 a.m.  
" 24 ... A.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing) at 10 a.m.  
" 25 ... Diploma Distribution at 11 a.m.  
" 31 ... Annual General Meeting at 8 p.m.  
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On MONDAY, June 9th, at 8.15 p.m., Mr. H. C. Young, B.A., (Cantab), will read a Paper entitled "The Advantages and Disadvantages of Examinations."  
The GENERAL MEETING will be held on THURSDAY, the 26th June, at 7 p.m.  
The date of the Next Examination for F.G.O. is fixed for the 29th and 30th July.  
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For Juniors—From 1 p.m. to 8.30 p.m.  
The above hours may be extended to meet the exigencies of those who wish to attend the Classes, for which there will be special fees.  
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Under the Direction of AUGUSTUS HARRIS.  
THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, at 7.30, "Die Meistersinger."  
For full particulars see Daily Papers.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—ST. PAUL.**—Grand Performance of Mendelssohn's Oratorio, ST. PAUL, on SATURDAY, June 21, at 3. Vocalists: Madame ALBANI, Madame PATEY, Mr. EDWARD LLOYD, Mr. ROBERT GRICE, Mr. HENRY BAILEY, and Mr. WATKIN MILLS. Chorus and orchestra, 3,000 performers. Special choir of 500 boys. Organist, Mr. A. J. Eyr. Conductor, Mr. AUGUST MANN. Numbered seats, 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., including admission to Crystal Palace, may now be booked at Crystal Palace and the usual London libraries.

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**MADAME ROGER-MICLOS** will give a PIANOFORTE RECITAL, assisted by M. Johannes Wolf (violin), at PRINCES' HALL, on TUESDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, June 10, at 3 o'clock. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s., of the usual Agents, and at Princes' Hall.—N. Vert, 6, Cork-street, W.

**MISS FANNY DAVIES** begs to announce a GRAND MORNING CONCERT on WEDNESDAY, June 11, PRINCES' HALL, at 3 o'clock. The following artists have most kindly promised their assistance: Violin, Herr Straus. Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Vocalist: Fraulein Füllinger. The programme will be selected from the works of Robert and Clara Schumann.—Tickets, 10s. 6d., 3s., 1s.; Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New Bond-street; and at Princes' Hall.

**LYRIC CLUB, PICCADILLY EAST, W.** (By kind permission of the Committee). Miss ROSA LEO'S MATINEE MUSICALE, TUESDAY, June 10, 1890, to commence at 3.30 precisely. Artists: Mmes. Isabel George and Adelaide Mullen, Miss Angela Vanbrugh, and Miss Rosa Leo; Messrs. C. Capper, H. Standing, H. Beaumont, and A. Helmore. At the Piano: Miss Bessie Waugh, Mr. Wilfred Bendall, Miss Morse, Mr. Fountain Meen.

**FRASER QUINTETTE.**—Their FIRST CONCERT, PRINCES' HALL, JUNE 11, evening 8.30, under distinguished patronage. Assisted by Mlle. Leila Dufour and Mr. Harry Williams. The five sisters accept engagements for Concerts, At Homes, Receptions. Apply, Mrs. Fraser, 121, Adelaide-road, N.W.

**HERR ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM'S SECOND PIANOFORTE RECITAL** at STEINWAY HALL, WEDNESDAY NEXT, June 11, at 3. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; area (unreserved), 3s.; balcony, 1s.; of the usual Agents, and at Steinway Hall.—N. Vert, 6, Cork-street, W.

**MR. LEOPOLD GODOWSKY** has the honour to announce a PIANOFORTE RECITAL at STEINWAY HALL on THURSDAY NEXT, June 12, at 3 o'clock. Stalls 21s. and 7s. 6d., balcony and area 1s., of the usual Agents, and at the Hall.—N. Vert, 6, Cork-street, W.

**MISS JOSEPHINE AGABEG'S ANNUAL PUPILS' CONCERT** will take place at the STEINWAY HALL on FRIDAY, the 13th June, at 3 p.m. 17, Colville Mansions, Bayswater, W.

"FOR KING AND THRONE," New Song by JOSEPHINE AGABEG, will be SUNG by Mr. GABRIEL THORP on the 13th June, at the Steinway Hall.  
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**MISS EMMIE FINNEY'S VOCAL RECITAL, PORTMAN ROOMS,** JUNE 17th, at 3.30. Vocalists: Miss Emmie Finney, Mr. Arthur Thompson. Piano, Miss Lilly Von Kornatski. Violin, Mr. Gerald Walenn. Conductors Signor Luigi Vannuccini and Mr. Cecil Goodall. Tickets, 5s., 3s., 2s., to be obtained of Miss Emmie Finney, 56, Broadhurst-gardens, N.W., of Chappell's, and of Lucas, Weber and Co., New Bond-street.

**MR. HERBERT WEBSTER'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT** will take place on TUESDAY EVENING, June 17th, in PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY, under the direct patronage of H.E.H. Princess Christian, H.H. Prince Christian Victor, His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, the Countess of Portsmouth, and many others. Artists: Miss Alice Gomez, Mmes. Belle Cole, Mr. Dalgetty Henderson, Mr. Herbert Webster, Mons. Tivadar Naches, Miss Mabel Chaplin, Mr. Carl Weber. Conductors, Mr. Raphael Roche, Mr. W. W. Hedgcock. Tickets at Box-office, Princes' Hall.

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\*\*\* All advertisements for the current week's issue should be lodged with the Printer not later than noon Thursday.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1890.

## FACTS AND COMMENTS.

If, as has been said by one of the most competent of modern critics, it is the highest triumph of style to express an old truth in such a manner that it seems new, what should be the sentence passed upon him who performs the same kindly office for an old falsehood? Is he to be decked in the paper spire, and set upon the three-legged stool of unrepentant ignorance? Then that honour is certainly merited by them who write in the "Scots Observer," a journal whose critical horizon is as circumscribed as might be understood from its name. There are certain theories dear to our contemporary's heart; chiefly, it would appear, because their constant and most damnable iteration affords the young gentlemen of its staff opportunity for much smart and amusing writing. The dearest of them all is that which derides the literary quality in art, and which declares art to be totally unconnected with what, for want of a more definite term, is called morality. Now with such persistence has the "Scots Observer" observed hereon of

recent days that we are moved once more to lift up our voice on the question. Or rather, since not even the consummate style which is ours could enable us to lend the semblance of freshness to the old arguments, we will for the moment be content with quoting one or two of the most preposterous examples of this method of criticism. As thus: "Art is wholly unconcerned with facts or truth; the first business of a picture is to be pictorial, and subject is only an opportunity for intelligent treatment." Or this, of the sculpture of Auguste Rodin: "Passion to him is wholly a matter of form and surface and line. Apart from these it has no existence; or, if it have an existence, is not worth taking into count. In other words he is a sculptor."

\*\*\*

Now it is perhaps rash to object to the views here implied: because he who objects is liable to be thrust—by the "Scots Observer"—into the outer darkness wherein Archdeacon Farrar bides his time in company with other estimable people who prate of this morality of art. Yet shall we dare this dreadful fate, for we have often enough disclaimed sympathy with the enthusiasts indicated. We do not ask that art should preach; we do not hold that subject is everything and realisation nothing. We are prepared to admit that a painter is all the better for knowing how to paint, a poet all the better for knowing how to write. But to assert that "subject is only an opportunity for intelligent treatment" is to put oneself in conflict with all the greatest artists of the world, who are, on the whole, mightier than the "Scots Observer;" and we prefer to be on the side of the artists. As a single instance, set against the effusions of the "Scots Observer," this sentence from a letter addressed to Uhlig by Wagner, on the subject of Beethoven: "The essence of the great works of Beethoven is that they are only in the last place *Music*, being in the first place exponents of a poetical idea." As a sop to the youthful and yapping Cerberus of Scottish journalism it may be admitted that there is here a certain exaggeration of the truth; to say that Beethoven's works are only music in the last place being an unduly emphatic indication of the fact that Beethoven knew how intimate are the relations between great art and the elemental truths of life. Nevertheless, the phrase points out the most excellent way of regarding these things. We do not want dogmatic art; but neither do we want an art which is self-centred and self-sufficing. The attempt to make it so can end only in its destruction, for—to use a metaphor which will render us an object of scorn to the observing Scot—it is idle to lop a branch from the Tree Yggdrasil in the hope that the severed limb will survive such rude treatment.

\*\*\*

At the outset we remarked that there was little new to be said on our side; and we have endeavoured to re-state the issues chiefly for the sake of the unshepherded amateur. The new school of journalism has done its best to convince him that criticism should be conducted on the lines which, it avers, are the best for art itself; that is to say, that subject matters little, and that smartness of phrase and neatness of epigram are the most desirable ends. Yet does the amateur—or a good deal of him—look to the critic for guidance; and it is well that he should understand clearly principles for which each side is fighting before he chooses his banner. On the one side are those who admit that there is a lamentable tendency on the part of the public to look at the subject of a work of art, whereby the public is content to ignore all beauty—or badness—of workmanship, if only the subject be a beggar dying in a garret, or if the most sacred truths are set in a sentimental light; but who wish for an art that shall be fully in touch with the underlying veracities of life. On the other side are those

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who regard "subject as an opportunity for intelligent treatment." And these, however they may prate about Philistinism, are themselves ranged under its flag and fight in its vanguard, for theirs is the Philistinism of the Superior Person; and of such is the veritable Kingdom of Gath.

\* \*

From the Parisian correspondence of an American contemporary—the "Musical Herald"—we extract the following interesting piece of gossip about Benjamin Godard:—

Down the street comes a familiar figure; long, lean, dark, slow, *distingué*—Benjamin Godard. He "arrived," even if the teachers at the Conservatoire would not allow him to *concour* for the *prix de Rome*. There was too much Godard about his work and too little Cherubini—the same fault found with Berlioz years before. How well I recalled the time I first went to Godard's house. One of his pupils had said that I must meet him, and at the hour appointed I went to his modest little home. The pupil was playing a suite for violin solo—a composition of Godard's—and I shall never forget the impression produced upon me during this reception. Godard sat about five feet from the player; one long hand spread over the left knee, the face lifted a little toward the violin; and not once during the five numbers did he change position or apparently move a muscle—an incarnation of perfect stillness. He told me the other day all about his studies here at the Conservatoire, and why it was that his teachers did not wish him to *concour*. They recognised his talent, but knew that in technical skill he was not equal to many others. "I could never," he said, "write a fugue; I was continually putting in phrases foreign to such an architectural composition. Fugue and counterpoint fill me with horror—" this with hands before his face, palms outward, as if pushing away some detested object—"they are to me like mathematics. I will never teach them, I cannot, I realize the necessity for such study, but I prefer to teach composition—the results of such study."

How many a weary student will hereafter bless the name of Godard, and piously wish that all composers will follow his example!

\* \*

We hear of a novel enterprise in which a popular novelist and a popular singer are to join. The novelist is he who, in conjunction with Robert Louis Stevenson, has conspired so successfully to set King Romance on the throne usurped by Realism—Mr. Rider Haggard; the singer is Mr. Barrington Foote. These gentlemen propose to start in January next on a tour through the United States, putting forward an entertainment of a peculiar but undoubtedly interesting kind. Mr. Haggard will read selections from his novels and tell tales of his adventures, and Mr. Foote will sing songs of which the words will be written by Mr. Haggard. We do not know whether Mr. Lang will accompany the small but efficient "company" of stars to write the criticisms, or whether he has provided a eulogistic preface to the entertainment; but even without this the success of the venture seems certain. Should the critical fates prove auspicious the entertainment may be given in England.

\* \*

The programme which will be presented by the pupils of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch at the Portman Rooms on Tuesday afternoon contains several noteworthy features. Some of the orchestral numbers from Purcell's opera, "The Fairy Queen;" John Stanley's Fifth Concerto for two violins and 'cello, with harpsichord and strings; Henry Lawes's song, "Sweet Echo;" and Christopher Simpson's "Eight Divisions on a Ground," for the viol da Gamba, are promised.

\* \*

After careful canvassing amongst the members, the Council of the Musical Association have decided that the monthly meetings shall take place at 8 p.m. instead of in the afternoon as heretofore,

and that the day should be changed to the second Tuesday of each month. Seeing the interest and value of the papers read at these meetings, any change likely to bring about a larger attendance of members is to be commended.

\* \*

An interesting programme is promised by Miss Rosa Leo, one of the most artistic of our younger singers, for her concert at the Lyric Club on Tuesday afternoon at 3:30. Amongst the artists announced to take part are Miss Adelaide Mullen, Mme. Isabel George, Mr. Henry Beaumont, and Miss Angela Vanbrugh, while Mr. Standing and Mr. Arthur Helmore will give recitations.

\* \*

Mr. F. H. Cowen has consented to arbitrate in a competition for a prize of twenty guineas, offered by "Puck," for the best musical setting of a simple cycling song, intended to supply the want of a rallying-song for the vast army of cyclists, and to provide the "Marseillaise" of the wheel-world. The song will be entitled "The Demon of the Whirling Wheel."

\* \*

The programme of the next Richter Concert will include Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, the Good Friday music from "Parsifal," Berlioz' "Carnival," the introduction to Act III. of the "Meistersinger," and Brahms' Fourth Symphony in E minor.

\* \*

A good audience should not be wanting in Princes' Hall on Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Fanny Davies will give a concert with the assistance of Miss Fillunger, Herr Strauss, and Signor Piatti. The programme will be selected entirely from the works of Robert and Clara Schumann.

\* \*

Miss Josephine Agabeg will give her annual Pupils' Concert in the Steinway Hall on Friday, June 13, at 3 p.m. A new song by Miss Agabeg, "For King and Throne," will then be sung by Mr. Gabriel Thorp.

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Mr. T. H. Bonawitz's amateur Choral and Orchestral Society will give its first concert in Princes' Hall on Saturday, July 5, at 3, when the conductor's "Stabat Mater" will be brought for the first time to public performance. The occasion should be one of note.

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We understand that Mr. Conreid's American Opéra Comique Company will appear in London during the spring of next year. The company has attained so high a reputation on the other side of the Atlantic that we shall be glad to make its personal acquaintance.

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The clever young ladies known as the Fraser Quintet announce an evening concert for Wednesday evening next in Prince's Hall, at 8:30. They will be assisted by Miss Leila Dufour and Mr. Harry Williams.

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Madame Roger-Mielos will give a pianoforte recital at Princes Hall on Tuesday afternoon at 3, with the assistance of M. Johannes Wolff.

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Mr. Arthur Friedheim's second recital will take place in the Steinway Hall on Wednesday afternoon at 3.

\* \*

And yet another! Mr. Leopold Godowsky will give a pianoforte recital in the Steinway Hall on Thursday at 3.

## BALLAD MUSIC OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

At the Royal Institution on Saturday last the Rev. Baring-Gould, M.A., gave the first of three lectures on the above subject, which promise to be not only of value to the antiquary but also of great interest to English musicians. The lecturer said that all those who had given attention to this subject could not have failed to notice that in the collections of British ballad poetry by far the finest specimens were attributed to Scotland. With the exception of the Robin Hood cycle and a few old ballad epics from Percy's folio our English ballads were mediocrity itself. This was due solely to the fact that our collectors had not gone to the people and taken down orally from them what they sung, but had chiefly devoted their researches to printed matter found in the British Museum and other libraries. Now printed ballads were the work of local poets, of whom Martin Parkes, Thomas Delany, Laurence Pride, and Leonard Gibson were well-known to collectors, but whose works seldom equalled the genuine romantic ballad sung by the people. These men, by payment of a fee at Stationers' Hall, could secure the copyright of their original printed productions, but not of old ballads. Thus there was no call for them to print the latter, except when they could so alter them as to be able to claim them as their own, which they often did. Had our collectors in the times of Kinlock, Buchanan, and Scott followed the example of these gleaners in Scotland, and gathered from the country side in England, the lecturer ventured to assert that not only would quite as rich a harvest have been collected in England, but that identically the same ballads would have been gathered in England as in Scotland. The Scottish ballads so called were not of Scottish, but English origin. They owed their Scottish colouring to transference across the Tweed, and to alterations and additions made by Scottish collectors.

As an example of how little the printed ballads could be relied on, the following ballad, altered in many important particulars, appeared in an early "Garland" at the British Museum under the title of "The Jolly Trooper":—

## "THE BOLD DRAGOON."

1. A bold dragoon from out of the North  
To a lady's house came riding;  
With clank of steel, and spur at his heel,  
His consequence no ways hiding.  
"Bring forth good cheer, tap claret and beer,  
For here I think of abiding."
2. "The daintiest meat, upon silver plate,  
And wine that sparkles and fizzes.  
Wax candles light; make the chamber bright,  
And—as soldiers love sweet misses,  
My moustache I curl with an extra twirl,  
The better to give you kisses."
3. "There's cake and wine," said the lady fine,  
"There's oats for the horse, and litter,  
There's silver plate, there are servants to wait,  
And drinks sweet, sparkling, bitter.  
Tho' bacon and pease, aye! and mouldy cheese,  
For such as you were fitter."
4. "Your distance keep, I esteem you cheap,  
Tho' your wishes I've granted, partly,  
But—no kisses for me, from a Chimpanzee,"  
The lady responded tartly.  
"Why, a rude dragoon is a mere Baboon,"  
And she boxed his ears full smartly.

The above words (somewhat modified for ears polite) the lecturer heard sung by an illiterate old man, now dead, who lived on Dartmoor.

In justification of his statement concerning the English origin of Scotch ballads the lecturer said in Johnson's "Museum," published in 1787—1803, was a Scottish piece, entitled "Lady Mary Anne," which had since found its way into several Scottish ballad books. The contributor to Johnson's "Museum" recovered *three* verses, and not enough to give a clue to the story; he, however, made out of this a ballad of five verses, placing what was the last in the original ballad at the commencement, and to give it a Scottish flavour and a romantic stamp, made the heroine Lady Mary Anne, and the hero Charlie Cochrane. Now it happened there was a genuine Scottish version of this same ballad in seven verses, printed in Aberdeen about the beginning of this century, in which there are seven verses, but no Lady Mary Anne nor Charlie Cochrane. Again, Catnach of Seven Dials printed the same ballad in a very imperfect form about 1828, without some of the verses in the Aberdeen edition, but with others not in that. The

same ballad the lecturer had heard sung on Dartmoor by an old man who had learnt it from his father. It was in eight verses, some not in either of the other versions. But by comparing all these it was possible to reconstruct the ballad in its entirety when it consisted of twelve verses, the story of which was then logically unfolded.

There was a curious ballad which the lecturer had heard men sing in different parts of Devonshire. The same ballad was met with in Scotland, where, however, it lacked several verses of the Devonshire version, but, oddly enough, possessed one missing in Devonshire. The story was as follows: A sea captain persuades a girl to rob her parents and join him on his ship. The ship sails away, but after a time, though the wind rises, the vessel makes no progress. The sailors becoming alarmed, insist that some one accursed is on board, and cast lots to find out who it is. The lot falls on the girl, who is forthwith cast into the sea, upon which the ship makes headway. The corpse of the girl, however, follows behind, and the captain asks it why it does not sink, whereupon it informs him the sea will not receive an undutiful daughter, and that he must devote the gold the girl took from her parents to give it proper burial on land. The melody is known in Yorkshire, where it is used for a child's game, into which the same rhymes are written and the same rhythm is introduced, but the story is lost. The lecturer thought these and similar instances pointed to such ballads being common wherever English was spoken. Old ballads were constantly converted into malicious songs against some political adversary. There was a ballad called "Johnny Faa," that was published in Allan Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany" in 1768. It related how the Countess of Cassilis ran away with a lover disguised as a gipsy, for which she was forced to witness his execution in company with his confederates. There was not a shadow of historical truth in the story, which was probably a malicious invention of the enemies of John, Earl of Cassilis, a strong Covenanter. Now Bishop Burnet married the daughter of this very Countess, and probably because he was obnoxious to the Jacobites the ballad passed in its Scottish form into England. The origin of this ballad was doubtless one found in the West of England. In that version it is an Earl who falls in love with a gipsy girl, marries her and takes her to his castle; she, however, wearies of the formal life, runs away and rejoins her tribe, where she is found and killed by the Earl.

There was another class of ballads of distinct character which related the story of a "being" of the nether world making love to a maiden of earth, and attempting to carry her away, in which, however, he is always unsuccessful. This story passed into a second phase. The "being" of the nether world became the dead lover, who sought to draw his *fiancée* away to his grave, but is baffled either by some accident or, as before, by being unable to solve some riddle asked him by the maiden. In a third phase the lover was no longer uncanny, but merely an "outlandish knight," who, however, was invariably outwitted by the superior craft of the lady. As late as from thirty to fifty years ago there was a sort of game or dramatic representation performed in some Cornish farmhouses, in which the story was enacted between a girl who had lost her lover calling him from his grave to come and dance with her. On his appearance she was alarmed, and then ensued the usual contests of impossible tasks. The ballad begins:—

The maiden was sitting beside her bed,  
The wind is blowing on village and town.  
She sighed, O my love, my love is dead,  
And the wind it shaketh the acorns down.

When he answers she bids him

Bring her an acre of land  
Between the salt ocean and the yellow sand,  
To plant it over with a pussy's horn,  
And sow it with a peppercorn,  
To reap it with a piece of leather,  
And bind it up with a peacock's feather.

The same tasks were met with in Northumberland, but without mention of the dead lover. In Scotland the ballad was found complete. It would seem that a promise of marriage, unless restored before death, was held to be binding beyond the grave, and there were several ballads founded on this belief, but the maiden again escapes death by asking some riddle or through some accident as in the following:—

## "COLD BLOWS THE WIND."

1. Cold blows the wind of night, sweetheart, cold are the drops of rain,  
The very first love that ever I had, in greenwood he was slain.
2. I'll do as much for my true love, as any fair maiden may,  
I'll sit and mourn upon his grave, a twelve month and a day.

3. A twelve month and a day being up, the ghost began to speak :  
"Why sit you here by my grave side, from dusk till dawning break?"
4. "Cold are my lips in death, sweetheart, my breath is earthy strong,  
If you do touch my clay-cold lips, your time will not be long."
5. Then thro' the mould he heaved his head, and thro' the herbage green  
There fell a frosted bramble leaf, it came their lips between :
6. "O well for you, that bramble leaf, betwixt our lips was flung,  
The living to the living hold. Dead to the dead belong."

The melody of the above was an old minstrel air, and the tune which Peele in his "Edward I." (1593) gave to a harper to sing. This ballad, somewhat altered, is also found in Scotland. The lecturer quoted many other ballads found in Devon and Cornwall, and also in Scotland, and said that they only came to be considered Scottish by their having been recovered there from oral recitation, whereas in England at that period no attempt of the same kind was made. A curious kind of ballad was on the signification of numbers, and went up to twelve, the opening verses of which were as follows:—

#### THE DILLY SONG.

- I. "Come and I will sing you." "What will you sing me?"  
"I will sing you One O!" "What is your One, O?"  
"One of them is all alone, and ever will remain so."
- II. "Come and I will sing you." "What will you sing me?"  
"I will sing you Two, O!" "What is your Two, O?"  
"Two of them are lily white babes, and dressed all in green, O!"

Sir Arthur Sullivan had adapted a version of the above in his "Yeoman of the Guard." From the quaint mixture of ideas in the subsequent verses it would seem to go back to a religion earlier than that of Christianity, but to have acquired a tinge of the latter's doctrines on its way down to the present time. Many an old ballad and dance tune could be found in the nursery adapted to nonsense rhymes or else to children's games, and the following ballad, "The Jolly Goss-Hawk," the lecturer first obtained from a child's song, but afterwards was fortunate to recover it in its pristine shape, and to find it confirmed in an early "Garland" in the British Museum.

#### THE GOSS-HAWK.

1. I sat on a bank in trifle and play,  
With my jolly goss-hawk, and her wings were grey;  
She flew to my breast, and she there built her nest,  
I'm sure pretty bird you with me will stay.
2. She builded within, and she builded without,  
My jolly goss-hawk, and her wings were grey;  
She fluttered her wings, and she jingled her rings,  
So merry was she and so fond of play.
3. I got me a bell to tie to her foot,  
My jolly goss-hawk, and her wings were grey;  
She mounted in flight, and she flew out of sight,  
My bell and my rings she carried away.
4. In a meadow so green, the hedges between,  
My jolly goss-hawk and her wings were grey;  
Upon a man's hand she perched did stand,  
In sport, and trifle, and full array.
5. Who's got her may keep her as best he can,  
My jolly goss-hawk, and her wings were grey;  
To every man she is frolic and free,  
I'll cast her off if she come my way.

The lecture concluded with a ballad, the tune of which undoubtedly belonged to the reign of Elizabeth, taken down from an old and illiterate hedger, who had learned it from his father, who also could neither read nor write. The family had been from time immemorial one of song-men, and the lecturer had little doubt descended from a minstrel family settled on the land after the Act of Parliament in 1597, which forbade the minstrels wandering over the country. The peculiar metre was one rather affected by Elizabethan bards, but it was also met with earlier in a song of the reign of Henry VIII.

#### "YE MAIDENS PRETTY."

1. Ye maidens pretty, in town and city, I pray you pity  
My mournful strain,  
A maiden weeping, her night watch keeping, in grief unsleeping  
Makes her complaint.  
"In tower I languish, in cold and sadness, heart full of anguish,  
Eye full of tear.  
Whilst glades are ringing, with maidens' singing, sweet roses bringing  
To crown the year.
2. "My cruel father gave strictest order, by watch and warder  
I barr'd should be.  
All in my chamber, high out of danger, from eye of ranger,  
In misery  
In tower, &c.

3. "Enclosed in mortar, by wall and water, a luckless daughter,  
All white and wan;  
Till day is breaking, my bed forsaking, I all night waking  
Sing like a swan.  
In tower, &c."

The various ballads illustrative of the lecturer's remarks were admirably sung by Mrs. Mason, Miss Sheppard, Mr. A. James, and Mr. A. F. Fergusson, B.A.

### CLAVICULAR v. ABDOMINAL BREATHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: I have already stated (if not in my article, at least in my letter) that I both practice and teach "abdominal" breathing. Why then does Mr. Garry cause it to appear as though I opposed the system? It is against my desire to suppose that Mr. Garry wilfully misrepresents facts; but if he writes again in the previous strain I must conclude this to be the case.

Concerning "medical and other opinion," most gladly would I accept facts from whatever source they come: but as regards mere opinions, these I could only receive when they are corroborated by facts already known to me. This rule may not appear flattering to certain theorists, but I find it distinctly necessary to success in the practical part of my professional work.

Regarding "abnormal conditions" interfering (not necessarily preventing) nasal inspiration in vocalisation, Mr. Garry can I believe talk sensibly upon this subject; why then does he descend to foolish banter in replying to my statement? My statement is founded upon at least as wide an experience as that of any teacher in London. Beside which I have personally seen it abundantly confirmed in hospital and general medical practice.

I do not wish now to continue this discussion. At another time I hope to write more fully upon this and other points of interest. Meantime I beg your readers to suspend their judgment. With kind regards to Mr. Garry,

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

JOSIAH RICHARDSON.

Exeter Hall, Strand.

### THE MUSIC OF IRELAND.

The last meeting of the Musical Association this season was held on Monday, when Mr. F. St. John Lacy read a paper entitled "Notes on Irish Music," the musical illustrations being played, and two songs sung by the lecturer. Mr. Lacy commenced by quoting from a recent lecture delivered by Professor Stanford, to the effect that Irish music was the most remarkable folk-music in the world, and said there was abundant evidence to show that previous to the English invasion, Irish national music had attained a high stage of development. The Irish harpers were spoken of in the writings of Brampton, Giraldus Cambrensis, and John of Salisbury of the twelfth century, as being incomparably skilled in music, and subsequent writers down to Bacon and Spenser spoke of their skill with equal warmth. There was also evidence to show that if they were not the originators of Welsh music, they very largely influenced its progress. In the twelfth century there would appear to have been two chief species of harp in general use: the small harp, which from having three strings ultimately acquired twenty-eight, and the large harp, which had thirty-two strings double strung, that is, with two strings to each note, one on either side of the harmonic bridge. The former was the ordinary household instrument, while the latter was chiefly used in public performances. They were not played with the finger, as now, but the small harp was plucked by the finger-nails, which were allowed to grow long for that purpose—the large harps being played by a plectrum. They would seem also to have been strung with metal strings, mention being made, in an ancient manuscript, of gold, iron, and silver strings. The ability to play the harp was not apparently confined to the professional harpers, but seemed to have been one of the knightly accomplishments of the age; thus at feasts the harp would be passed round to the guests for each to display his skill. A curious fact was the number of blind harpers. At the last meeting of harpers in Belfast (1792), out of ten who assembled six were so afflicted. This was, however, accounted for by the profession being looked upon as especially

pertaining to the blind, and most particularly to the younger sons, born blind, of the chieftains. Specimens of these ancient harps were extremely rare; the oldest, said to have belonged to Brian Boiroimhe, was in Trinity College, Dublin. There were many other instruments of the horn species, (such as the "Ben-Buabhill" and Buinne, the latter made of metal) but they were all curved, no straight horn having been discovered. Another curious thing was the absence of instruments of percussion. For some time the Tympan was supposed to have been a kind of drum, but the antiquary O'Curry proved it to be a stringed instrument played with a bow. Bells, however, were used on certain occasions, but the "Musical Branch," on which a number of bells were suspended, was chiefly used as a sign of authority. Several kinds of bagpipes were common, but seemed to belong to a species different to the Scotch, who admitted that the Irish pipes were the truer in the matter of intonation. They were, moreover, differently used, the harps often playing the melody while the bagpipes supplied the bass.

Much had been said concerning the Irish scale; that it had no fourth or seventh, and that Irish melodies were characterised by predominance of the sixth note of the scale. In many authentic tunes the fourth and seventh were omitted, and in some the sixth was especially emphasized, but in other melodies, equally authentic, the fourth and seventh were present, and that in a way which precluded the suggestion that they had been afterwards added at a later date, while again in many tunes the sixth was not only unemphasized, but omitted. There were, in fact, many Irish scales which had gradually been evolved from one ancient scale, different notes in which had from time to time been taken as new key notes. These new key notes had been successively adopted in fifths above the preceding. Thus the first scale was C, the second G, the third D, and so on up to the fifth E. The B was also added, but no scale was built on it, while the following fifth, the F sharp, was introduced at a much later date. These five scales might be divided into three periods, as follows:—

## FIRST PERIOD SCALES.

		Examples of tune.	
I. mode C	C to C with 4th and 7th omitted	"Dawning of the Day."	
II. "	D to D " 3rd " 6th "	"Lord Mayo." The 6th occurs once in this, but has evidently been added.	
III. "	E to E " 2nd " 5th "	No example found.	
IV. "	G to G " 3rd " 7th "	"Good night."	
V. "	A to A " 2nd " 6th "	"Bunch of Green Rushes."	

## SECOND PERIOD SCALES.

I. mode C	C to C fourth omitted as in tune	"Honest Owen."
II. "	D to D third " "	"Hush the Cat."
III. "	E to E second " "	"Willow tree."
IV. "	G to G seventh " "	Lamentation of Aughrim.
V. "	A to A sixth " "	"I'll be a good boy."

## THIRD PERIOD SCALES.

I. mode.	The semitones occur between 4th and 5th, and 7th and 8th.....	No example to be found.
II. mode.	The semitones occur between 3rd and 4th, and 6th and 7th as in	"Remember the glory of Brian the brave."
III. mode.	The semitones occur between 2nd and 3rd, and 5th and 6th as in	The Dirge of O'Brian
IV. mode.	Identical with our G major scale as in	"Avenging and bright."
V. mode.	Semitones occur between 2nd and 3rd, and 6th and 7th.	

When once the modern scale was introduced it was speedily adopted, and consequently not only did melodies founded on these characteristic scales cease to appear, but the melodies became corrupted by association with the new scale. The first collection of tunes was by Burke Thumoth in 1720. Petrie's and Bunting's collections were, however, the most reliable. The latter travelled for many years through Ireland taking down the ballads from the peasantry. In the preface to the third volume, printed in 1840, he complained of the wilful alteration that had been made in the notation of the old tunes. Thomas Moore, in his "Irish Melodies," was a great offender in this particular, frequently altering the music to fit his words rather than contriving to make his metre suit the melodies. In some cases the characteristics of the old tunes were entirely lost. Thus the "Groves of Blarney" became the well-known air "The Last Rose of Summer." There were certain peculiarities in the method of performance by the old harpers: these were chiefly pauses on certain notes, free use of the portamento, and various graces with which they would embellish the recurrence of the verses, many of which it was impossible to accurately express in our notation. Every occupation in life had its appropriate

songs, which for gaiety, pathos, and variety were unsurpassed by any folk-songs in the world.

In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, Mr. Gilbert Webb said, in spite of the evidence quoted by Mr. Lacy, the Welsh strongly repudiated the idea that their music was founded on that of the Irish, or that the "crwth" harp had any affinity to the Irish harp. He thought the Irish were to be congratulated on having had such collectors of their ancient songs as Edward Bunting and Petrie, to whose enthusiastic and conscientious research among the peasantry they owed the preservation of their folk-songs. Mr. Southgate said great caution was necessary with regard to acceptance of ancient tunes, and quoted as an example a piece called the "Monk's March," claimed to be of Welsh origin, but which on careful research proved to be a march used by General Monk on his invasion of Wales. He doubted the use of metal strings in the Irish harps, and thought that at any rate they must have been preceded by those of gut. Mr. Lacy, in answer to some remarks from Mr. Blaikley, said he was not acquainted with the particulars of the differences between the scales of the Irish and Scottish bagpipes, but the former were blown by a bellows instead of the mouth, and the reeds were more delicate. The old Irish harps had no mechanical means for introducing semitones. Major Southgate, who occupied the chair, remarked, in proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Lacy, that as the office of the Bards was hereditary it was probable, that so long as the chieftains retained power the original forms of the ancient songs would be preserved, but that when the chieftains were deposed, and the harpers wandered about the country, and the songs became recited by the peasantry, the tunes would become liable to corruption. He was inclined to think the Hibernian element in Ireland to be older than the Celtic, and to regard the former as of Eastern origin.

## POLISH SONG.

BY J. SIKORSKI.

Translated\* by NATALIE JANOTHA.

(Continued from page 428.)

It was very natural that the people of the East and South of Europe in the first centuries of Christianity should address to the Deity in Psalmody a general prayer which could be used by all believers in the new faith, and which had the Latin language for its foundation; and of course it was just the same in Poland. This idea became incorporated with the composition of Church music, and still pervades it in the Roman Catholic Church, but only amongst those clergy using the Latin language. The plan, however, could not be generally adopted by people speaking a language which differed so materially from the Latin as the German and Slavonic. The latter accordingly fitted a new religious text to the tunes of the best known (though sometimes secular) popular songs. This was easier than to create new melodies.

Even Martin Luther, who lived at a time when musical art was brilliantly developed, chose as melodies for his hymns—arranging them himself (to prevent Roman Catholic ones being used, and perhaps to hasten the popularity of his own)—well known and chiefly secular tunes, with just a few older ones of religious character.

Celebrated composers of the sixteenth century, working under the protection of the Popes, at their command took popular secular songs as the foundation for their most scientific works; and did not attempt to hide this fact, but gave to their most serious and elevated works the names of the songs, on which, as upon a canvas, they depicted their religious inspiration. A Mass by Palestrina is written on the theme of "L'homme Armé," and other authors also took it as their groundwork. There are many similar cases in point which prove conclusively that religious song willingly arranged itself in the melodious garment of a secular melody, and sometimes even the dancing rhythm of the mazourka appears.

One sees, too, that the old religious times are connected by many links with the more modern ones, and every seed of former life impregnates and influences that which appears later.

Collected during many centuries, and preserved in many guises, there are now some thousands of Polish religious songs existing, but there are still many which are not included in the collections, as, besides those gene-

\* Edited by MARION CHAPPELL.

rally known, there are continually appearing in almost every part of the land songs belonging specially to particular villages which the inhabitants sing themselves. New ones are heard, sometimes through the priests, or through other religious enthusiasts, and are set to different melodies, either composed by the people themselves or by accredited musicians among them.

The most numerous collection of such songs was published in Cracow in 1838, in three volumes, under the title, "Songs of the Church; or, Religious Melodies," by Priest Mioduszewski.

Besides these popular songs, masters of the musical art staying at the courts of kings and with the nobility and conductors of orchestras kept by churches, rich convents, and colleges composed numerous songs for the church, and they were usually written for four voices to Polish words. Many were printed with the music in a shape which made them suitable for execution, and show an amount of scientific knowledge which places their creators on a level with the celebrated composers of the sixteenth century.

The best known of these compositions is by Ignace Gomolka, which consists of 150 Psalms of David, translated by Jan Kochanowski (called the "Prince of the Polish Poets"), and arranged for four voices. These Psalms, which were published in Cracow in 1580, take equal rank with any of the religious works of the best Italian masters, whose pupil Gomolka was.

Only three of these Psalms are now extant; one is in the Jagiello Library at Cracow (5), the second in the Czartoryski Library in the same place, and the third in the University Library in Warsaw.

No. 5.



Tales of the civilization of the Polish Court and the power and riches of the country drew many foreigners to Poland, especially Italians, who had an added inducement in the shape of the marriage of their countrywoman, Bona Sforza, to Sigismund the First (1518). That monarch added much to the development of Church music in Poland by establishing at the Cathedral at Cracow a choir of singers called the College of Rorantists. This choir was composed of ten permanent members, who were obliged to embellish the morning mass every day with their singing. On feast days their number was increased to forty. This choir, being endowed, kept together until recently, but through the fall in the worth of money, and the rise in the price of the first necessities of life, the available funds were insufficient to pay the singers, who became more and more mediocre.

At the present time one must consider this choir as non-existent. The principals were always good musicians, and many of them produced works of their own, added to which the institution was strengthened by the support of the pupils of the Cracovian Academy, in which Cathedral music was taught, and in this way they were afforded a large field in which to work.

Many Poles studying in foreign Universities, especially in the Italian ones (Padua and Bologna), developed their artistic tastes generally as well as musically.

Celebrated among the Polish composers, besides Gomolka, there were Nicolaus, from Posen, Sebastian of Felsztyn, and his pupil Martin, from Lwów (Leopolita), Waclaw Brzozowski, and Waclaw Szamotulski.

The one whom Poland places in the front rank of her most valued composers of sacred music is Priest Gregory Gorczycki, called "The Pearl of the Clergy." He was conductor of the Rorantists, and died in 1734.

The "Notize sugl' Italiani e sui Polacchi in Italia, Maestri di Musica et Cantori, raccolte da Sebastian Campi, Lucca, 1830," comprises more than fifty names of persons of both sexes who until the 18th century remained in Poland as conductors of orchestras, singers, instrumentalists, and professors of music. Among their number was Pacelli, conductor of the orchestra of Sigismund the Third, who died in Poland in

1623. Dyomedes Caton, a Venetian composer and singer, a virtuoso, and a lute player, lived in Cracow, where he published in 1607 some songs in the form of an arrangement for the lute, set to words by Stanislaus Grochowski, the poet, and another song with words by St. Stanislaus.

He is also the composer of the music to the hymn written by St. Casimir, son of the King, Ladislaus Jagiello. "Sing every day my Soul, the Worship of Mary." This song is sung by the Polish Catholic clergy on the 4th of March, an anniversary which is sacred to the worship of St. Casimir.

"Tisaurus Harmonicus," by Besard (a French lute player of the seventeenth century), comprises in the arrangements for the lute eight compositions by Diomedes Caton, under the title of "Chorea Polonica" (melodies to Polish dances). The last Italian maestro in Poland was Paesello, who while there wrote a few operas and oratorios. It is so natural that composers who wrote for the Church should not confine themselves entirely to religious music that it scarcely needs any proof. Few of the secular compositions were printed, but those which were (and also the MS.) are occasionally to be found interspersed with religious ones in church libraries.

The valuable library belonging to the Father Dominicans in Cracow was completely destroyed in the great fire in that town in July, 1850.

Some of the above works are found amongst the people in a more popular form as solos for the voice, and with a more simple setting. Many of them have a religious character; these are called Kolendy (Christmas) Songs, and are sung from Christmas time till the "Feast of the Mother of God" on the 2nd of February (6). The Church only tolerated those which would not give offence through the words being of too secular a character.

No. 6. *A legretto.*



They were sung especially during collections of gifts, which were formerly made by the poor scholars and lower class of clergy in the convents. This custom passed on to peasants, servants, and to poor youths living in towns: the latter carried round to the houses the "jasełka" called "szopka," which represents, with the help of dialogues and songs, the history of the Nativity of Christ, and joins together in a simple and fantastic manner Herod and an angel; the Devil with the Jew; Adam, Eve, and Death with a scythe; and other characters of a similar kind.

These songs are numbered among the secular ones, and great numbers of them exist.

The creator, both of words and music, is the nation, and the peasantry has been the predominating power in their production.

The freshness and brightness of these songs gives testimony to the cheerful and happy disposition of the people, whose fate therefore could not have been such a sad one as some of the accounts of the domestic life of the Poles represent.

Sorrow and care, which are inseparable from life, have also their echo in the songs of Poland; but the nation did not succumb to grief; therefore there are few touchingly sentimental ones among them, and still fewer gloomy and despairing. Their form is short, with rhythms of every kind, with quite unexpected and original accents, and with very often a free and irregular structure of the phrases; but the humour and "verve" which are everywhere to be found, and the extraordinarily sympathetic and accurate wedding of the music to the words make these songs very interesting. What gives them an added charm is the manner in which they are sung, which should be with immense spirit, artistic simplicity and apparent carelessness—and with vigour, too, if men's voices are used. It is impossible to express in words the fascination of these melodies, the rich, spontaneous, subtle fancy, changing its character constantly, according to the mood of the singer. Many of these songs have a dancing rhythm. The most popular of all is the rhythm of the mazurka, which, thanks to Chopin, is known to all the world.

He, with the magic touch of genius, lifted this style of composition to the highest point of perfection, and retained to the full the native spirit which is only really grasped by the Polish people. Those who feel it the most are Poles who have been among the people and have heard them sing or play till the desire to dance is kindled. The rhythm of a

Mazurka movement is in three time (7), and is, of all the national Polish No. 7.



dances, the most striking and the most exciting; the rhythm of a (8) Krakow No. 8.



wiak (the movement in two time) has immense lightness and energy; the rhythm of the Polonaise (the least in use among the people) is stately, dignified, and courtly.

(To be continued.)

## THE NEW SALON.

PARIS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: There are several things, some of which I mentioned in my last letter, which have combined to make the New Salon in the Champ de Mars far more interesting and pleasant to visit than the Old Salon. First of all the building itself is more spacious than the other, being part of the Exposition building of last year, and consequently there is more fresh air, which makes no small difference to a sight-seer. Secondly, the fixtures here are numerically fewer than in the Gallery, which gives a better opportunity for gauging the artistic value of the whole. The principle on which the pictures are hung is to collect the works of each individual and hang them together, so that by this means an artist's power, originality, variety—in fact, his real *status*—may be readily appreciated. On the other hand it is a disadvantage to the painter, for if he have a mannerism or any trick of style it is more likely to appear when his works are hung *en masse*. Moreover, it is no small advantage to be able at once to find an artist's work without difficulty, and the possibility, which I am bound to say has been taken advantage of to some extent this year, of having more than two works hung at the same Gallery makes individuality more apparent as a characteristic of the whole. It has been urged against the Old Salon that it is quite impossible to judge of a man's power and position as a painter by annual slices of the same thickness, and here this restriction to two pictures is avoided. The promoters of this new Gallery say that it has been started with the view of not selfishly hanging their own work to the exclusion of that of others; that art is an aristocracy of thought in which the many called are of less account than the few chosen; and, to judge by their first exhibition, one must admit that there is no sign of narrowness or exclusiveness in the art presented to the public. Indeed it seems to represent all the youthful, forward side of the art of the present day, as embodied in the Impressionist School, as well as the matured and careful work of the Old School. The future of such a *camaraderie* is not easy to predicate, but its very existence is profoundly interesting and suggestive. Actuated by one common desire, they seem determined to be liberal-minded, and to represent the fantastic iridescence of Albert Besnard in the same exhibition with the superb realism of Carolus Duran. But still it may be questioned whether the principle which already admits seventeen works of one artist in a gallery smaller than the Salon may not still be regarded as exclusive, or, at any rate, may not in the future become an engine for exclusiveness of the very worst kind; for were it carried to its logical conclusion it would be possible for an effete painter to shut out

much good work by the multiplicity of his contributions. This has happened occasionally at the Royal Academy, and it might even come to pass over here. Men are selfish by nature, and artistic bodies, like individuals, are not free from jealousy, and unless rules are so formed as to ensure as far as possible an equal division of opportunity, advantage will at once be taken of any laxity in that direction. It is quite possible, however, that the necessity will be seen of guarding against this danger as time goes on.

On going round this Gallery one cannot help tracing the strong influence which Millet and Corot have had upon the modern school of landscape painters; the statuesqueness of the figures we owe to the former, and the picturesque composition we trace to the latter. Yet there is an original freshness of colouring, as embodied in the works of such men as Damoye, Barau, and Bastien Lepage, which marks it off from any slavish copying of one or more great masters. When an Englishman accustomed to the deep, fresh green of our scenery, especially in spring, is confronted by the lighter and cooler tints conveyed by the French landscape painters he is apt to carp at the want of solidity in their colouring; but he forgets the peculiar blue green and light grey of the Picardy and Normandy country which is so admirably rendered by native artists. It possesses, moreover, an inherent delicacy which is completely wanting in the rounded and fuller forms of English landscape. Thus the modern French school may be said to have assimilated much of the spirit of Corot in its delicacy of drawing without copying the almost universal melancholy of his work.

M. Meissonier, the founder of the Society, sends but one painting, called "Octobre, 1806," which is a companion picture to his famous "Quatrebras," and represents Napoleon surrounded by his staff watching his troops at Jena. It is finely conceived, and is no mean example of the power and the care of Meissonier in handling a big subject.

It is a pity that the general public in England do not know, or, if they do, that they do not realise, the power of Carolus Duran as a painter. There is a masterly certainty and care, and at the same time a boldness about his work which makes him the foremost portrait painter of his time. Who but he can successfully present to us a portrait of a handsome woman robed in triumphant scarlet from head to foot? The way also in which he can give breath and swing to our somewhat meagre style of modern dress by a heavy cloak carelessly thrown from the shoulders lends to his portraits an exuberance and vitality which modern works so often lack. Besides this *tour de force* he sends seven pictures all of a high quality, among which a girl in a dress of delicately-mingled grey and pink stands prominent, and a study from the nude called "Lelia," which is one of the finest pieces of flesh-painting of the year. It is simply the back view of an auburn-haired girl sitting on a dark red seat, but the delicacy of the drawing and the masterful truth of colouring defies analysis.

Gervex is also well represented by nine pictures of great strength, of which his large group of the staff of the Republique Française, his portrait sketch of himself, and a beautiful nude study are the best. There are several other portraits by him, but of unknown persons, for French people seem to have a dislike to have their names affixed to their similitudes. It is decidedly dull to perpetually see fine paintings dubbed "Portrait de Mlle. X." or "M. Z.," and the curious stranger would much rather know who they are. Theodore Rousseau, whose admirable etchings are quite the best in the black and white room, has done better, for his two spirited portraits bear the name of Mr. Menpes inscribed in full upon the canvas, which is as convenient as it is sensible.

One noticeable feature of this exhibition is the prominence and the good quality of some of the American work, which perhaps is not so much to be wondered at, seeing that so many Americans study art in Paris and frequently make their home there. H. Humphrey Moore's eleven exhibits from Japan are conspicuous for their freshness of colour. One in particular, called "Les Musiciennes Japonnaïses," is a very bright picture of two Japanese girls painted in the strongest colours without giving the impression of being *bizarre*. Several other Americans are showing very good work, including A. P. Lucas and Miss Lee-Robins, who is a pupil of Duran's. It was most satisfactory to note how well the two sea pieces of Henry Moore looked among the many styles of French art; indeed the various seascapes could not in my opinion bear comparison with our two English specimens.

Realistic life is a favourite theme of modern Continental art, and has produced a school of realism of which Beraud is a typical example. He sends a picture of the gambling saloon at Monte Carlo, which is a very clever study of human nature. He is a French Frith in his marvellous power of grouping and drawing of character; his men and women dressed in the height of fashion are exactly as one sees them; not a ribbon or a

shoelace is neglected, and yet the whole does not give the impression of being over-elaborated. Seeing that caricature is so popular among the French people it is surprising what a lack of humour there is in this exhibition. Sketchy or finished, the work is all earnest, and, unsensational as it is compared with the Salon, it marks a true effort to shake off the conventionalities of the older body. Catholicity and the wish to give a recognition to truth of aim in whatsoever method it is embodied seems to be the attribute of this new growth, and though some of the work seemed to me to be examples of Impressionism run riot, and almost verging on the grotesque, it is, nevertheless, most interesting and suggestive as an illustration of an experiment in choosing new paths for art. I noticed one special feature in the total absence of horrible and disgusting subjects which are so often a characteristic of the Salon. My space being limited, I cannot do justice to the small but very picked collection of sculpture which stands in the Central Hall; of these the studies of Auguste Rodin and the seventeen clay models of Baffier seemed worthy of notice. Taken as a whole this exhibition is far more worth visiting than the Salon, and indeed without seeing it it would not be possible to gain any adequate idea of the range and objects of French Art.

GILBERT COLERIDGE.

### FOREIGN NOTES.

The "Zaire" of M. Paul Vêronge de la Nux seems to have obtained only a *succès d'estime* at the Paris Opera. M. Pougin, writing in "Le Ménestrel," describes it as carefully written, well put together, and excellently orchestrated, but, on the other hand, lacking in strength and passion, and too little in touch with the modern style. It is only fair to the composer to remember that this is his first dramatic work, and that it has been waiting a good many years to make its first appearance. The other novelty, the "La Basoche" of M. André Messager, at the Opéra Comique, is more successful, but its story is somewhat too wildly improbable even for the *habitués* of that theatre; and the quantity of music lavished on the libretto is found to be excessive.

M. Saint-Saëns, writing to M. Vianesi and the members of the orchestra to thank them for their services on the occasion of "the incomparable fête" offered to him, has overflowed in a torrent of lyric eloquence as follows:—"These marvellous interpreters have added to my instrumentation what the voice of a great singer adds to a melody—colour and life. If there be better playing anywhere, it can only be in the other world, and I prefer to take this on trust rather than to go and find out."

Mr. Valentine Smith, with his own English Opera Company, has begun a season of English opera at Hamburg. After his first appearance in "Il Trovatore" he received the honour of a "Tusch" from the orchestra. Among the works which it is proposed to produce is Wallace's "Maritana," which, strange as it may seem, has, it appears, never been performed in Germany, and which it is anticipated will attract very considerable notice. Mr. V. Smith, who is well known on the Continent, having often sung in Milan and many other important cities, proposes on the termination of his season in Hamburg to visit several other towns in Germany, including Berlin, Vienna, Pesth, and Stockholm, so that the Continent seems likely to have an unusual opportunity for learning to appreciate the beauties of English opera.

Sig. Pietro Mascagni, the fortunate composer of the new opera "Cavalleria Rusticana" which is creating such an unprecedented sensation at Rome, has already received a commission from the publisher Sonzogno to write a new opera. Meanwhile Mascagni has been elected an "honorary citizen" of the town of Cerignola, where he is director of the "Filarmonia," and Livorno, his native place, has presented him with a gold medal of honour. "Il Trovatore" says that the new opera is to be founded on the play of "The Danischeffs," which is sufficiently well known in London.

Miss Sigrd Arnoldson is playing with enormous success at Florence. The Italian journals overflow with raptures concerning her performances as Mignon, and as Rosina in the "Barbiere." But perhaps the young lady will be quite as much pleased with a highly complimentary letter from M.

Ambroise Thomas himself, who must be allowed to be a first-rate judge of the representatives of his own most popular creation.

Ostap Véressai, described as the last survivor of the popular bards of the Ukraine, has just died at St. Petersburg at the advanced age of 83. To his phenomenal memory is said to be due the preservation of a very large number of the songs and legends of Little-Russia. Ten years ago he visited St. Petersburg, and had the honour of performing before a large number of distinguished personages.

### MUSIC IN SOCIETY.

Operas, concerts, and dances have almost crowded out private music in society since the return from the Whitsun holidays. Among the few musical evenings worth mentioning was that given by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson in Grosvenor-place, when the Duke of Clarence honoured them with his presence at dinner. It was a brilliant evening, many well-known beauties being present among the guests. The Duchess of Leinster for once forsook the opera, and came with the Duke and her fair sister, Lady Helen Duncombe. The Countess of Yarborough, looking marvellously like Mr. W. B. Richmond's portrait of her in the present Royal Academy, the Countess of Lovelace, Miss Violet Grey-Egerton, Lady Evelyn Curzon, Lady Wharnccliffe, Miss Musgrave, Mrs. Ronalds, Lady de Trafford, and Miss Edmonstone were only a few among a whole crowd of fair ladies well known in London society who were present to meet H.R.H., and who thronged the beautiful reception rooms, which were profusely decorated with flowers. After dinner Mrs. Wilson entertained her guests with the now well-known singing of the "American Quartette," and with what was more appreciated by every one present, the exquisite violin playing of Herr Johannes Wolff, for whose strains every whisper even in so fashionable an audience was hushed—no small testimony to his popularity.

At Lady Brooke's pretty and artistic little house in Hans-place there was very good music on Saturday evening after her dinner party, at which the guests of the evening were Count Gleichen and Monsieur Jusserand, the talented first secretary to the French Embassy, who is just leaving London for a still more important post in Paris. M. Jusserand is justly a great favourite here, and will be much regretted by a large circle of friends both in the literary and fashionable world. Lady Brooke, the Maharane as she is called, is herself a finished and remarkable pianist, as she proved once more to her friends on this occasion. There is something peculiarly attractive in this lady's sympathetic playing, and her own evident delight in it communicates itself to those who are listening to her. Mdlle. Levallois, an accomplished pianist, also played, and Mr. Wm. Nicholl sang several times. Mrs. Aikwright, one of our best amateur singers, was to have contributed to the musical entertainment, but was summoned to dine with the Princess Louise at the last moment, and was therefore unable to be present. Lady Florence Duncombe, M. and Madame Blumenthal, and a select company of musical people were present, and enjoyed seeing a beautiful replica of Mr. Burne-Jones's picture of "The Mermaid" which hangs in Lady Brooke's drawing-room. This is the only picture the artist has ever exhibited in the Royal Academy, and one of the most fascinating he ever painted.

The music was a striking feature at Professor Herkomer's theatre this week, when the performances of "Filippo" took place. An extremely graceful and pathetic "quintette" was played before the play, composed by the versatile and clever Professor himself, and at the end a very finished performance of Haydn's Quartett in G was given by Mr. Ludwig's Quartett to the great enjoyment of the large audience present.

On the evening of the 29th ult. the Princes' Concert Society gave their second concert in the Galleries of Princes' Hall, under the direction of Mr. Ganz. The audience was large and fashionable, and the programme well arranged and executed. Miss Marie Gröbl, Mr. Copland, and Mr. Ben Davies were the vocalists, each singing admirably; and Miss Nettie Carpenter and M. Hollman contributed solos on the violin and 'cello with great success.

## The Dramatic World.

### "LA LUTTE POUR LA VIE."

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, 4TH JUNE, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDMOUSE,—

Are you interested in the Darwinian drama? Because, if you are, here is your opportunity. The "Struggle for Life" is to be seen on the vast stage of Her Majesty's, for this week at all events; whether it will prove its fitness to survive by any further appearance behind English footlights is very, very doubtful.

I suppose we have of late been tending in the direction of plays with purposes. There is Ibsen in the air, and you know how purposeful your Ibsen is; but if to have a purpose is to be like this "Lutte pour la Vie" of Monsieur Daudet—well, then I think we had better revive the counter-theory of "art for art," and quote Shakespeare as the standing excuse of the nondidactic.

For, seriously, this work of the famous Daudet puzzles me; coming from one of the leaders of the great literary nation it is a staggerer—"Staggerer Number One"—as Mr. Swiveller would put it.

We have not for many years been able to reckon among our British playwrights men with such names as Daudet, Dumas *fils*, or Augier—names amongst the highest in contemporary European literature. Most readers, indeed, except those of the Zola or of the Tolstōi cult, would be much inclined to place Alphonse Daudet at the head of the novelists of to-day: what English story, or what German, have we of the fire and force and shapeliness of "Numa Roumestan"?

And yet, which of our lowly British dramatists would show the amazing ignorance of modern science and its meaning that M. Daudet not only shows but parades, thrusts upon us, writes plays to demonstrate? Here is this great man of letters deliberately telling the credulous gallery at the Gymnase that the Darwinian (or Spencerian) phrases, the "struggle for life," the "survival of the fittest," are interpreted by their preachers to mean "You must fight your way. Go in—spare no one, respect nothing. Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost!"

Many people have thought "the struggle for life" an unlucky phrase—suggesting a strife between individuals rather than that long competition of races, in which the race whose individual members combine most and strive least with each other will probably win—but surely, surely one might have thought that such misunderstanding would have been confined to half-educated newspaper-readers, and the orators of village taprooms. But no: we find it in our Daudet—our Daudet *fin de siècle*!

However, there may be playgoers who would say that the mere tendency to raise such questions on the stage gives it an interest which in England, at all events, it has long lacked. I don't wish to deny this; but I must point out that the omission of two or three *tirades* would have made of the "Lutte pour la Vie" a melodrama in which the best-natured critic would never have detected a purpose, nor dreamed of looking for one.

For a melodrama the play, as we have it, undoubtedly is—with much of the bright comedy writing which M. Daudet cannot fail to give us, but also with that curious crudity which we get in the melodramatic-novel-dramatised rather than in original stagework. Daudet is, of course, first of all a novelist and not a playwright.

But where is his old power as a creator of character? Every type in this play the *boulevardier* who knows his Gymnase—and even he who sneaks eastward to the Ambigu—will

dismiss with his contemptuous "*Connu*." The man of science is purely and simply the stage-villain: French variety, lowest type, lacking even in courage. The wronged father is a wronged father of a style almost out of fashion at the Surrey. The weak and weeping girl and the comic old woman are prehistoric. And even the heroine, though one hopes at first that she will have something fresh about her—this foolish, proud old lady married to a young scoundrel—she, or someone exactly like her in character if not in circumstances, has pervaded French and English literature for something like half a century now. The *dénouement* comes straight from "*Serge Panine*;" and the only thing in the play that had any novelty—the villain's hesitation when his wife was going to drink the poison—somehow failed to interest Monday night's audience. The whole scene struck one as clumsy, stogy, and not impressive.

No. The little that was new was not true; and it was very little. But the prevailing feeling with the audience which did not fill Her Majesty's Theatre the other evening seemed not so much to be disappointment with the play, as a French play, but blank amazement at the thought that it was about to be turned into an English one. The wise paragrapher has sung each paragraph twice over that chronicled first its translation for the English stage by Mr. F. Horner, and then its adaptation by Mr. Robert Buchanan. Judging from his work in "A Man's Shadow," no better choice than Mr. Buchanan could have been made for such a task: but what a task it is! As scene after scene went by people said to each other, "How could they do this in English?" (And echo answered, very wisely, "I don't know.")

The hero, married to a rich woman older than himself, is (practically) living with her companion, whom he has seduced in the hope that his wife will divorce him and leave him free to marry another rich, but younger, woman. The companion tries to poison herself; he tries to poison his wife; the companion's father shoots him. That is the story.

It is amazingly unpleasant, no doubt, which quality it shares with many of the strongest works of the modern stage; but is it like them in them in another and almost equally important respect? Does it interest you?

Seen at her Majesty's Theatre, it did not interest me much, I confess; but no doubt the stage is far too large for such a play—even for any play—and it is likely that the actors had not become thoroughly used to it. This was a pity; for one cannot be too grateful to M. Meyer for his enterprise in bringing over to us the famous Gymnase company, in its latest successes. Companies change nowadays, and quickly; but Madame Pasca is still at the Gymnase, and M. Marais has now been there for some years—whether continuously or no I don't remember.

In a part which could hardly interest one very deeply—that of the elderly wife—Madame Pasca played with the perfect quiet and the nervous force of a true actress. Perhaps to English ears there was a little too much of that deep, declamatory tone which is commonly reserved for tragedy; but, on the whole, her's was a strong performance of an ungrateful part.

M. Marais looked Paul Astier admirably—there was a delightful devilishness in his face and in the rich tones of his caressing voice; but he is essentially a Henry Neville—not a Willard nor a Beer-bohm Tree. A straightforward, vigorous "leading man," he was bound to miss some of the picturesque subtleties of villainy. Straightforward, too, but in a straightforward part, was M. Devaux; and very forcible and manly. M. Noblet was fairly amusing as a villain who turned out to be only a "*confidant*." M. Paul Plan gave a capital study of Italian French, and a comic old woman of the most established type was played with broad comedy by Mdlle. Desclauzas. All the parts were carefully acted in themselves; of

the stage management one could not fairly judge, as effects intended for a small stage were spread over an enormous one. As far as I could tell, however, it seemed rather primitive as compared with that of our best London theatres.

On the whole, my dear Mr. Fieldmouse, I think you may wait till next week, when we are to see what should be the most modern of all plays—"Paris Fin de Siècle," acted by the original company. Thither you must accompany your devoted

MUS IN URBE.

### IBSEN'S PLAYS.\*

It is difficult to overstate the value of Mr Archer's gift to English readers, not only because few of us include Norwegian in our stock of tongues and not many who read German take the trouble to get together a complete set of the translations of Ibsen, but also because we have now—or rather shall have in a couple of months—in this entire set of Ibsen's Prose Dramas, four volumes well printed and decently bound which will take their place in the library of almost every true lover of plays. The half-dozen plays already published are so much more interesting, taken together, than any six such plays could be separately; while the six to come will more than double this interest—from their difference from, as well as their likeness to, those that we have. These volumes are such a contribution to dramatic literature in England as it has not had for many and many a day; and they contain a dozen of the most fascinating chapters in the history of the most modern of minds.

The only drawback is that such a present makes us greedy; we ask for more; we want a complete Ibsen now, not merely a complete set of Ibsen's Prose Dramas. There will be, it is true, only three works of much importance lacking in these four volumes; but two at least of those three are of incomparable interest, and, if Norwegian readers are to be trusted, of high poetic beauty. "Emperor and Galilean" has been translated—a version of it by a Miss Catherine Ray introduced Ibsen to this country; but I have always had a fear that that version would be in the usual jog-trot English translator's blank verse—which is so much more terrible than the treadmill.

"Brand" and "Peer Gynt" I have in German translations; but a verse-translation into a language not one's own is a roundabout way in which to get at the heart of a poet's mystery. The only enduring English "Faust," except for the few scenes that Shelley translated is, to my thinking, Hayward's prose version. Now Mr. Archer has never been suspected of poetry, and it is hardly fair to ask him to tackle the irregular rhythms of "Peer Gynt;" but will he not one day put that "satiric tragedy" and "Brand" into homely prose for us? I am sure we should be very grateful.

Though, if I may find the only fault that is to be found with the two volumes of his versions of Ibsen which are already published, it is that his prose is not quite homely enough. He has told us very clearly and truly the difficulty of his task. "How is one," he asks, "to escape stiff literalness on the one hand, lax paraphrase on the other?"—and has said that the latter danger is the one which he has the more carefully avoided, "preferring to reproduce the poet's intention with all possible accuracy, even at the cost of a certain uncouthness or angularity of expression." Form is so important in a work of pure literature, the natural and simple effect of the style is so essential in plays like Ibsen's, that I can't but think that Mr. Archer might here and there have done better if he had tried merely to make a sentence produce as nearly as possible the same effect on the mind of the English reader as did the original on the Norwegian's. (The more as there is a great homeliness in the Scandinavian languages, to our English ears, from their sparing use of latinised words—and as Mr. Archer is by no means careful to keep the well of Anglo-Saxon undefiled.)

But it is very much easier to find a fault of this kind than to translate even half a dozen sentences—much more half a dozen plays—and to hit the happy mean throughout them. For example, "the local situation" is anything but a clear rendering of the catchword in "The League of Youth;" but it is uncommonly difficult to suggest a better one. I would only say that now and again a freer rendering of a few phrases would have made a scene more easy and natural, while the exact translation might have been given in a note; indeed Mr. Archer has sometimes done this as it is. After all, these plays are works of imagination and not philosophical treatises.

\* Henrik Ibsen's Prose Dramas. Edited by WILLIAM ARCHER. Walter Scott. Volumes I. and II.

Apart from this point, the clear and correct English of these two volumes is worthy of all praise. Much newspaper-writing has not made Mr. Archer careless; and it is safe to prophesy that, even if freer renderings of Ibsen's works should ever become popular on the English stage—there is much virtue in that "if"—this first complete edition of the Prose Dramas will be the standard edition for the readers of many years to come.

And what reading it is! Every time you go through these wonderful plays they are as fresh as ever, full of new thought and new interest. The English reader has now all Ibsen's modern dramas at his hand—for separate versions of "Rosmersholm" and "The Lady from the Sea" have already been published—and a new country has been added to his world: this Norway of to-day was an unknown thing in our literature till Ibsen made it known—or invented it, or both. The silent life of its remote country houses, the cackle of its little towns, the pettiness of its grimy town lodgings, and the artistic neatness of its better-class "flats:" all these come before us vividly, reminding us a little perhaps, in externals, of English life half a century ago—and much more of Scotch—but, in the characters and interests of their people, exceedingly different.

So different, indeed, that it is almost impossible to judge of the truth of Ibsen's portraits. We say at once that a Nora could not exist in English life; one recognises the type of character, but her ignorance of the world would be (if she were English) the caricature of stage-farce. The immense and morbid interest in psychology, too, the constant self-examination of most of the characters in many of these plays—and in "Rosmersholm" yet more than in any of the six now published—are happily not even in our days characteristic of any large proportion of English men and women: compare Ibsen, who writes for the stage, even with George Eliot, who wrote for the study, and you cannot but feel the superiority in what Mr. Archer would call "objectivity," and in sanity, of the Briton.

That is indeed the great fault that an English reader is likely to find with Ibsen: that he does not, for the most part, deal with sane minds. So the great Russian novelists of the day revel in madness: whence one might take it that the Muscovite and the Scandinavian standards of sanity are not as ours—which is very likely the case. Now and then, however, a masterpiece in either language shows us a life that all the world recognises as real: in "Anna Karénina," in "The Wild Duck," we feel that we are among people we can understand, people who are accountable for their actions: and works like these, showing that human nature has a good deal in common all the world over, incline one to think that this painting of insanity is but an artistic fashion of the moment.

It is unlucky, though, that such a difficulty should disturb our judgment, for the main question that Ibsen raises is one well worthy to be taken on its merits. The opponents of free discussion, of plain speaking on every subject have always maintained that such raising of awkward questions unsettled the belief in received codes of morals, and that those codes of morals were in the main right, and were at all events far better than the anarchy which must follow their removal. The theory which Ibsen sets forth in many of his strongest plays is precisely the reverse of this. Our present morals, our present conventionalities, he declares to be essentially immoral: absolute truth-telling, fearless examination for oneself of everything and everybody—"the spirits of Truth and Freedom, these are the Pillars of Society."

In the abstract, perhaps, most people will, with a conventional readiness, agree with the preacher: indeed we have heard much the same lesson taught—in a sufficiently general and useful form—Sunday after Sunday in highly respectable churches. It is when Ibsen gives examples and puts before us what he really means that we are likely to be shocked, and shout at him so that our neighbours may not hear unpleasant truths.

In "Ghosts" the misery of the story comes chiefly, or greatly, from the fact that a son has never been told that his honoured and lamented father was really a worthless scoundrel. In "A Doll's House" the wife, who finds that her husband is a hypocrite, leaves him and her little children there and then, that she may come, in lonely self-examination, to a knowledge of herself—leaves them without a thought as to how this desertion will influence her children's future, or (apparently) as to how she is herself to live. Only in one remarkable play, "The Wild Duck," is the case for conventionality partly set forth.

I will not attempt to argue such a question in a few lines, or to pronounce any judgment on Ibsen as playwright or philosopher. It is enough now to point out the growth of his power of conceiving character and of placing it firmly and symmetrically upon the stage, and the breadth of view and even the versatility—when we remember "Brand" and "Peer Gynt"—of which only his collected works give us a fair impression. The reader of "Ghosts,"

"Rosmersholm," and "The Lady from the Sea" would build up for himself a very morbid and restricted Ibsen if he did not know that this introspective pessimist was also a great imaginative poet and the writer of the cheeriest and healthiest of replies to attacks of unexampled bitterness; and, more than all, the unsparing critic of the weaknesses of his own theory.

The plays contained in the two volumes now published are "The League of Youth" (written in 1869), "The Pillars of Society" (1877), and "A Doll's House" (1879), in Volume I.; and "Ghosts" (1881), "An Enemy of the People" (1882) and "The Wild Duck" (1884) in Volume II. The increase of strength throughout these works is remarkable. In the "League of Youth" the poet's hand is yet unsure, the dramatist has but half-learned his craft; and the dénouement of "The Pillars of Society," judged as one judges the later Ibsen, is almost burlesque. But then follow four great works: the first the stronghold of its author's fame, the second a tragedy of terrible power, the third a healthy, hearty comedy, doubly welcome after the horrors of "Ghosts," and the fourth perhaps the most real and human of all Ibsen's plays. In the two later prose dramas, which have still to appear in this edition, "Rosmersholm" (1886) and "The Lady from the Sea" (1888) there is perhaps some falling-off from this highest point.

English readers who are interested in Ibsen have already had the chance of knowing all these plays except the first and the last in Mr. Archer's volumes; so it is of these alone that I need speak in detail.

Of "The League of Youth" not much has to be said. The incidents are almost those of farce, and it may be imagined that Ibsen would not shine as a farcewriter. The construction, too, is worse than that of any other of his plays, even the early "Fru Inger til Ostraat" and "Feast at Solhaug;" the stage is crowded with characters of whom only three or four stand out with any distinctness, and an early sketch of Nora Helmer is dragged in quite ineffectively. The hero, Stensgaard, is an interesting study of character, though perhaps not of a character that Ibsen was especially fitted to draw. Stensgaard is, no doubt, meant to be a man who makes the effect of brilliancy on his hearers; and to be brilliant is not one of Ibsen's gifts. It is hardly, perhaps, the gift of any Norwegian, and the character is one far more likely to be effectively drawn by a Southerner: as it has been, once for all, in "Numa Roumestan." The comparison is inevitable, and is fatal to the Norseman. Daudet has been called the *Zola des familles*: Mr. Buchanan called Ibsen a "Zola with a wooden leg"—wherefore I know not: but the author of the "League of Youth" certainly stumps along heavily in his following of Daudet.

But fifteen years wrought a great change in the workmanship of our playwright; and "The Wild Duck," written in 1884, is nothing less than a master-work. I do not pretend to say that it is the finest thing that Ibsen has done—"A Doll's House" and "Ghosts" are at all events far more famous; but it is certainly the work which has the greatest fascination for me—and criticism nowadays is nothing if not personal. I can see its drawbacks and its one great fault. Of them and of its merits let me speak in some detail.

"The Wild Duck," it is understood, was written partly at least as a satire upon the author's own theory of "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" and the hero is a foolish young theorist who comes to grief, causes endless unhappiness to others, and goes off disillusioned with a half cynical laugh. With such a chief character the play can hardly be written in the spirit of pure tragedy; and the cruel pathos of its final incident, the death of a little girl—brought about by the hero's meddling—here shocks and revolts us. In this we feel the love of horror for horror's sake which made it possible for Ibsen to write "Ghosts:" here we see the twist in his mind which makes us hesitate to accept him as a preacher, while we altogether refuse to accept his work as pure art, the art which lives for ever and is a joy to all men.

With such a hero, again, it almost follows that all the characters are small; there is not the largeness of "Ghosts," nor any great scene like that in "A Doll's House." This, and perhaps the quaintness of one incident, make it a play less likely to produce a strong impression on the stage than some of its predecessors.

But it strikes me, for one, as certainly the most real, the most human, the least exaggerated of all Ibsen's plays; and there is a wonderful pathos in the character and story of Gina Ekdal. She has married a good-natured, lazy, bragging fellow, who does not know the truth about her former life—which was not all that it should have been. But she grows to love him, she slaves for him, and shuts her eyes to his faults; and their shabby home,

in spite of his laziness and of her little girl's delicate health, is a very happy one. Then enters the hero, and insists on telling the truth about the past. Their happiness is ruined for the time: after a while, perhaps, they might have gone on pretty much as before, but that the child, partly understanding the history of her birth, has killed herself.

I do not know of any household more perfectly drawn than this of the Ekdals. The dull, vulgar, loving housewife stands alone in Ibsen's portrait gallery; she is painted with a sympathy that often fails him when his subjects are vulgar. The girl Hedwig is a wonderful and charming study; she has all the grace of fourteen, with none of the graces of the *ingénue*—her beauty is not spoiled by the smell of cooking from the kitchen, ever present in the Ekdal household. The husband is, if real and original enough, not quite so living and human as the wife and child; but the constant occupation of his drunken old father and himself is one of the truest and most daring things in the literature of the stage. They have a large garret, in which they keep fowls, pigeons, rabbits, and a wild duck. The father was a great sportsman in more prosperous days, and now he and his son—who is a poor photographer—leave work undone to go shooting in this garret, where they sometimes bring down a rabbit for the day's dinner! Such a scene is a farcry from the stateliness of Sophocles; but its reality and imagination are extraordinary. The drunken philosopher, too, who goes about really doing a little good in the world, is at least the most real of Ibsen's people who live by theory—he is a long way ahead of Christina Linden; and there is an ingenious irony in the *reductio ad absurdum* of the hero's truthtelling by his cynical old father, who marries his candid but immoral housekeeper.

I feel how I have failed to show the extraordinary charm and sympathy of this picture of a petty and vulgar household of people. They are all living, all ordinary enough, all as sane as the folk we meet every day—and no saner; but Ibsen, disregarding what he here scoffs at as "the claim of the ideal," has for once set himself to show the "soul of goodness in things" common, and to some extent evil too. The result is that he has attained a reality impossible to Zola, and hardly reached by himself elsewhere. Much as one is impressed by "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts," one is perfectly sure that, as the children say, "they never happened"; but one would not be surprised to hear that the story of the Ekdals was literally true. Indeed, in the main it must "have happened," not once but hundreds of times, in Christiania, Paris, and London.

A wonderful play, and a sad one; yet not so sad as most of Ibsen. His work is depressing reading for the most part; but readers nowadays like to be crushed. Playgoers out of Scandinavia have as yet hardly reached this height of art; and it is not likely that "Ghosts" or "Rosmersholm" will for some years oust from the stage "As You Like It" or "She Stoops to Conquer." But in one's library one must have Ibsen, and all of him—on a handy shelf, but carefully flanked to right and left with Shakespeare and Goldsmith.

EDWARD ROSE.

## THE DRAMATISTS.

### XXXVII.—GOLDONI. "LE DONNE CURIOSE."

"The Inquisitive Women" is a play highly characteristic of Italian comedy of its period, from its very sketchiness and slightness: it has only just risen from the improvised farce of the "mask," and occasionally descends again to it. It has another historical interest, too, because its subject is a club—one of the earliest of clubs. During Goldoni's long life the London coffee-house came to the end of its glory, and "The Club" was founded by Dr. Johnson; and the Italian shows us a little club, of a type yet more modern than Johnson's, which the men of his play have established in the town of Bologna.

Though it has three acts, and a round dozen of characters, this play can hardly be said to possess a plot, as the modern dramatist would use the word—or as Shakespeare would have used it. Yet there is one comedy of the day very like "The Inquisitive Women" in the simplicity of its structure. In "A Pair of Spectacles" a guileless old man discovers that he has been cheated by half-a-dozen people in succession—servants, beggars, wife, friend—and then finds out that each, successively, is not so black as he is painted. And that is all the play. In "The Inquisitive Women" four wives and sweethearts are burning to penetrate the mysteries of the club to which their men folk belong; and, one after another, they do. And that is all the play.

One need not go through such a piece, scene by scene; it is a constant

repetition of the same incidents in slightly varied forms. The first scene of the first act shows us the house of Pantalone—a worthy old Venetian merchant, who is one of the traditional “masks” of Italian comedy—and here the club is held. Its members are present, playing at draughts and chatting: they are Ottavio, Florindo, Leandro, and Pantalone. They enjoy their pleasant and useful club, with its little mysteries, its passkeys, and its invariable greeting, “Friendship!”—but both married men and lovers speak of their wives, and *fiancées*, constant curiosity as to the doings of their secret assemblies. Even the servant is plagued by his sweetheart, as inquisitive as her betters.

The next scene is Beatrice's room in Ottavio's house, and here we have the four women—Beatrice, Ottavio's wife; Rosaura, their daughter, who is betrothed to Florindo; Eleanora, Lelio's wife; and Corallina, the chambermaid—engaged in guesses as to the goings-on in this terrible club. Beatrice believes that the members gamble: Rosaura that there are women there: Eleanora that they are seeking the philosopher's stone: and Corallina that they dig for hidden treasures. They consult Arlecchino, the clownish servant—another of the Italian masks, as is Pantalone's servant, Brighella—and he agrees with all of them, one after the other. Then Beatrice plagues her easygoing old husband, and Rosaura teases her lover, Florindo, about their secret; and Corallina, the cunning maid, resolves to get one of the passkeys of the club, and learns all she can from Florindo about the plan of the building, and the usual hours of meeting.

In the first and second scenes of Act II., which take place in the houses of Lelio and Ottavio, the three ladies and their maid, by various stratagems, and after various quarrels with their husbands and lovers, get possession of certain passkeys; and in the third scene they appear at the club door—Rosaura dressed as a man—and try to get in. Partly from ill-luck, partly from failing courage, they are defeated: but the shrewd Brighella—servant to the wise old Pantalone—determines that, as while their curiosity is unsatisfied there will not be a happy household in Bologna, they shall have their wills.

Accordingly, in the third act, he puts them into an inner room where they can, unseen, watch their lords and masters at dinner. There is a really humorous scene in which these dignified ladies peep through a key-hole at the pasties, the plate, the lights of the banquet, with all the excitement and the awe of children; and then they admit that their suspicions of the good fellows were unfounded, they beg pardon and are forgiven, and they promise never to be inquisitive again—till next time.

There is a curious scene in this act, quite unconnected with the dramatic story, and showing a certain moral purpose in the comedy. This is the admission of a new member to the club, with all proper inquiries, forms and ceremonies; among which is the reading aloud of the nine rules of the club, ordinary rules enough, but highly moral; a reading which would hardly entertain a modern audience assembled to laugh at a farce—or even to weep at a tragedy.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

With the “Nineteenth Century” and the “Fortnightly Review” hard at it discussing the all-important question, “Ought actors to manage theatres?”—with Messrs. Beerbohm Tree and Oswald Crawford, and Messrs. Bram Stoker, Irving, and Wyndham all airing their eloquence simultaneously, and entirely convincing themselves without producing the slightest effect on each other—“THE MUSICAL WORLD” can hardly be expected to settle the whole affair in a paragraph. But next week we shall hope to find room for a final judgment; after which it is to be hoped that nobody will say any more.

Mlle. Thénard, of the Comédie Française, gave on Monday the first of a series of those little “conférences,” or recitals, which have been an adjunct to the French Plays of our London season for some years past. All the more welcome after an unavoidable break, the “conférences” were resumed—with a punctuality amazing in a Parisienne—at 3:15 on Monday, at the Marlborough Rooms, before an audience made up almost entirely of ladies. Mlle. Thénard began with a little chatty criticism of the newest school of French poetry, which she illustrated by a pretty recitation about a certain *rayon de la lune*. Then came a few more words of chat, and then a flow of recitations, comic and sentimental. As usual, the comedy was the more popular; and there was much feminine laughter over Mlle. Thénard's experiences of the sea and her

visit to the Exposition, given with the wonderful point and vivacity of an actress and a Frenchwoman. One criticism we may perhaps make: that the *conférences* would be more symmetrical were there either no introductory talk at all or a little more weaving together of the succession of recitations.

There is a moment's lull in the tremendous activity of the last few weeks; indeed but for the French and American companies, come and coming, things would be fairly quiet for June. Saturday is a first night, however. “Les Femmes Nerveuses” will make its *début* at the Comedy, under the English title of “Nerves.” Mr. Edward Righton has consented to play the part for which Mr. De Lange was originally cast.

The monster benefit at Drury Lane in honour of the late E. L. Blanchard came off very successfully on Monday, and those who will be entertained for five hours together if only the cause be good must have had their heart's content. As usual, the *à propos* verses for the occasion were written by Mr. Clement Scott, indefatigable where the stage, stageplayers, or stagewriters are concerned.

The nightly “takings” of “Judah” have been on record in the daily press. We are glad to know that they are large, and that the public appreciates this fine play; but as these are the columns of a chronicle of art, and not of a day-book, we will refrain from figures.

When “The Bride of Love” is played at the Lyric Theatre—which is to say to-morrow night—the comic Zephyros, performed in Paris by Molière and at the Adelphi Theatre by Mr. Lionel Rignold, will be acted by a “light” instead of a “low” comedian. This will lighten the piece. The comedian ought, of course, to be as light as air. He has secured a preliminary “puff” already. (These are but a few of the jokes which occurred to us on this suggestive subject as soon as we got wind of it—dear, dear, there we are again! Such are the disadvantages of being cursed with a pretty wit.)

At Miss Lucy Buckstone's very successful benefit Miss Ellen Terry made her second appearance as a taciturn maidservant; and her pleasant smile as she announced the different characters—“Mr. and Mrs. Youngusband, ma'am”—“Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dove, ma'am”—must have secured her many offers should she be in want of a place. She is, indeed, disengaged for the moment, having left her last situation on Saturday evening—when an enormous crowd thronged the house to see the last of her, for a while.

Mr. Irving's customary speech only announced one forthcoming play—“The Master of Ravenswood,” which is pretty sure to run through the winter season.

On Thursday two new plays were produced at a Vaudeville *matinée*: “In Olden Days,” a very slight piece, in which Miss Violet Raye danced and acted prettily, and a charming little drama by Mr. Louis N. Parker, “A Buried Talent,” of which this week we have but space and time to chronicle the complete and deserved success.

“Comedy and Tragedy” commenced its evening course at the Haymarket on Monday, when Miss Julia Neilson resumed her impersonation of Clarice, in which she made so powerful an impression a short time since. There is no great interest in the plot, no great interest in any of the other characters; Clarice is everything, and in Clarice Miss Neilson proves she has dramatic power of no ordinary kind. “The Village Priest,” which plays much more closely and brightly than at first, follows Mr. Gilbert's little comedy.

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.—On Tuesday last Mr. Somers Clarke read a valuable paper on “The Arrangement, Use, and Abuse of Organs.” Mr. Somers Clarke gave many thoughtful and valuable suggestions during the course of his paper. During the succeeding discussion Mr. Micklethwaite, the Rev. Mr. Croft, and Mr. H. J. B. Dart made interesting observations. The chair was occupied by Dr. E. H. Turpin.





MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI.

From a photograph by ELLIOTT and FRY.

## MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI.

When one is completely ignorant of the early history of a famous man it is usually thought permissible to imagine. The plan is dangerous, however; and we shall not follow it in speaking of Moritz Moszkowski, who has this week visited London to conduct his new Suite at the Philharmonic Concert. Frankly we do not know anything in particular about him; but then neither does any one else. Sir George Grove's Dictionary dismisses him with the bare statement that he was born in Berlin in 1854, and that he studied first in Dresden, and secondly in the town of his birth. On the other hand, Mr. T. L. Southgate, who wrote an analysis of his symphonic poem "Joan of Arc," when that work was produced at the Philharmonic Concerts of 1885, says that he was born in Breslau. We cannot tell how the truth may be, and leave our readers to choose which place they prefer; each begins with a B. It is safe to add, however, as statements capable of verification, that Moszkowski has written, besides several pianoforte solos and duets, a concerto for the same instrument, one for the violin, and two orchestral suites.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The re-appearance, after a longer interval than one cares to reckon, of Madame Etelka Gerster was more than sufficient to account for the large audience which witnessed the revival of "La Sonnambula," in which the famous singer took the part of Amina. It would be scarcely true to say that her recent severe illness has left Madame Gerster's wonderful voice untouched, but it may be hoped that time may bring a complete restoration of those beauties which are so well remembered. At any rate, all the charm of exquisite phrasing and admirable acting were present in her performance; and for the rest we are content to wait. In other respects the representation of the opera was very satisfying—Signor Ravelli as Elvino, Mdle. Bauermeister as Lisa, Mme. Sinico as Teresa, and M. Edouard de Reszke (in magnificent voice) doing all that could possibly be desired of them; while the band and chorus under Signor Randegger were faultless.

A very full house witnessed the performance on Saturday of "La Traviata," in which Miss Ella Russell took the part of the consumptive Violetta. The impersonation was one of great merit, for Miss Russell acted throughout with effect, and sang to still better purpose; her chief successes being made of course in "Fors è lui" and "Sempre libera," each of which was admirably given. M. Montariol was an effective Alfredo; and had his performance been otherwise faulty much might have been forgiven him, for he has no *vibrato*. Mme. Bauermeister as Annina was satisfactory in all points, and Signor Palermi was generally efficient as Germont, although "Di Provenza" scarcely secured the customary applause. The smaller characters were adequately played by Mdle. Longhi, Signori Corsi, Bioletto, de Vaschetti, Miranda, and Cernusco, while due recognition should be yielded to the really artistic dancing of Mdle. Palladino. The band and chorus were excellent; and the same word may serve for Signor Randegger, who conducted.

"Don Giovanni," presented on Monday night, served to introduce yet another *débutante*—Madame Tavary, who then appeared as Donna Anna. The new comer has a commanding presence and a fine clear voice, marred at times, unfortunately, by a *vibrato*. Her acting is very forcible, and though she infused a great deal of emotion into the part she was never extravagant. Altogether Madame Tavary may be cordially welcomed. The Zerlina was Mdle. de Lussan, who, as might be expected, gave a very piquant and charming rendering of the part, her acting being duly vivacious and her singing admirable, especially in "Vedrai Carino." Madame Nordica, in splendid voice, was an imposing and dignified Donna Elvira. As Don Ottavio Signor Ravelli did excellent service, "Il Mio Tesoro" being beautifully sung; and a very eloquent Statue was found in the person of Mr. Plunket Greene, whose fine voice and impressive manner told well in the last scene. Signor D'Andrade as The Don, M. Isardon as Leporello, and Signor Miranda as Masetto are further entitled to high praise; and Signor Randegger conducted with care a performance which, as will be gathered from the foregoing, was of high general excellence.

Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," given on Tuesday, was the occasion of Madame Melba's *reentrée*. Since the Australian artist was last heard in the part she has—though this may seem incredible—improved in voice and

acting; and her performance of the *rôle* is now one of the most brilliant on the contemporary stage. She sang and played in admirable fashion, and it need not be said that the Roméo of M. Jean de Reszke is an equally splendid performance. Not less noteworthy is his brother's Friar Laurence, while, as the Nurse, Madame Bauermeister was excellent. A successful *début* was made by Mdle. Regina Pinkert in the part of Stephano; and Mr. Plunket Greene, who took that of the Duke, proved by his dignified acting and impressive singing that his step on to the operatic stage is not a false one. The Capulet of M. Cabalet and the Mercutio of M. Dufricher presented many features of high merit, and Signor Mancinelli conducted with excellent care and discretion.

## CONCERTS, &amp;c.

## LONDON AND SUBURBAN.

\* \* \* Concert-givers are requested to notice that, owing to the heavy demands made on the staff during the season, no concerts can be noticed unless tickets are sent to the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD (396, Strand) at least four days in advance of the advertised date.

On Thursday afternoon of last week Mr. Paderewski gave his third piano forte recital, which was attended by a large and justly enthusiastic audience. We have, in recording his previous performances, spoken so exhaustively of Mr. Paderewski's magnificent abilities that on the present occasion there seems little left us to do further than to say that these abilities were then revealed with even more success than before. It cannot be denied that in one or two instances his tendency to undue vehemence was shown; but we shall not allow the presence of one fault to destroy the high opinion warranted by the exquisite tenderness and delicacy or the deeply poetical significance of his usual performances. Thus we have to note a rendering of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 110, marked by unusual charm, yet also by great breadth. Liszt's transcription of the "Spinnerlied" was also given with great intensity. Equal success was attained in Haydn's Variations in F minor, in Rubinstein's 5th Barcarolle, and in pieces by Schumann and Chopin. At the end of the programme Mr. Paderewski gave Chopin's Valse in A flat in response to an enthusiastic recall.

A long and varied performance was put forward by Mr. Sapellnikoff at the Pianoforte Recital given by him at St. James's Hall on the 30th ult. The pianist's happiest efforts were made in Bach's "Toccatina and Fugue," Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," and Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," which received remarkably broad, solid, and legitimate renderings. With three pieces by Chopin the concert-giver seemed less suited, but Liszt's "Liebestraum" was played in an appropriately dreamy and gentle manner. Tchaikowsky's rather tedious, though clever variations were faithfully presented, two short pieces of Schumann's were smoothly and unpretentiously rendered, and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture, arranged for the piano by Liszt, proved that Mr. Sapellnikoff is equal to very formidable technical difficulties. Though no piano and no pianist can possibly convey an adequate idea of Wagner's orchestral colour, the mere correct execution of such a work is, if not "a thing of beauty," at least a trial of strength, precision, and memory. Mr. Sapellnikoff obtained, as he deserved to obtain, much applause and a recall.

That "Society" is to some extent conscious of its own weaknesses, and is willing to hear itself ridiculed, was emphatically shown last Saturday, when Mr. George Grossmith gave in St. James's Hall the entertainment with which he has so successfully toured in the provinces. The amateur "about town" does not need any description of the imimitably clever and amusing sketches and songs then introduced, for many of them have been heard more than once in various London drawing rooms. He knows with what admirable cynicism Mr. Grossmith hits off the "little failings" of his friends—or otherwise; how well he can mimic Mr. Corney Grain, or Signor Tosti, or

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Mr. Laurence Kellie, or Mr. Irving. Accordingly we shall only note that Mr. Grossmith has remarkably improved during the last year, his voice being much more sonorous and flexible, and his manner much more graceful and expressive. It should be added that the hall was densely crowded by an audience whose members, as has been hinted, were completely appreciative of the entertainment. We are glad to know that Mr. Grossmith has thereby been encouraged to promise a second recital.

The programme of Monday's concert contained three items which were new to Richter audiences. These were Goldmark's "Im Frühling" overture; the first scene from the third act of "Siegfried," and the third scene from the second act of "Götterdämmerung." Goldmark's overture has been already performed at the Crystal Palace this season, and we are therefore called upon for nothing further than a confirmation of the criticism there offered upon this picturesque, brilliant, and charming work. One might perhaps suggest that the piece would gain in effect were there more dynamic contrast, for, like so much of Goldmark's writing, the orchestration is throughout "thick." This apart, we have no other epithets than those already applied. The "Siegfried" excerpt, descriptive of the interview between Wotan as the Wanderer and Erda, naturally made appeal rather to those who are thoroughly familiar with "Nibelungen" scores than to the Wagnerian neophyte; but even to the latter it must have presented features of great interest and beauty. Due reservations are of course to be made on the general ground of the unsuitability of all such excerpts to concert performance: but it must be admitted that the objections on this score have less force than usual in the case of this beautiful scene. The music of Erda was sung by Miss Lena Little, who was as artistic as ever—save that she lapsed more than once into an unpleasant *vibrato*; and that of the Wanderer by Mr. Max Heinrich, who sang with splendid dignity and force. Concerning the scene from "Götterdämmerung," the old objections hinted at have unmistakable weight. It would be hard to select any passages from Wagner less suited to the concert-room than this, which must have been quite unintelligible to a large majority of the audience. Mr. Max Heinrich "doubled" the parts of Hagen and Gunther, singing, as in the first excerpt, with admirable effect; but it cannot truthfully be said that the chorus of vassals given by the male members of the Richter Choir was entirely satisfactory. Between the two Wagner selections came Brahms' setting of three stanzas from Goethe's "Harzreise im Winter," which was described in the programme as one of "the profoundest and most earnestly serious" of the composer's vocal works. This description may be thankfully accepted, although the noble qualities which mark the work are not to be described in a single phrase. The solo was taken by Miss Little with success, the aforesaid members of the choir doing justice to the beautiful choral passages. The concert closed with Mozart's Symphony in C (the "Linz"), of which, as of all the works mentioned, Dr. Richter's band gave a splendid performance.

Mr. Jan Mulder, a young violoncellist who hails from the Low Countries, gave a concert in St. James's Hall on the afternoon of the 31st ult. His solos were but three, serving nevertheless to prove him an artist of considerable ability. His tone is good, his phrasing artistic, and his expression passionate but refined. In a word he is a very welcome addition to the ranks of capable cellists. He was also heard in Beethoven's Quartet in E flat, Op. 16, which was well given by himself and Messrs. Emil Bach, Nachez, and Enthoven, and in the second movement from Saint-Saëns' Sonata for pianoforte and cello, in which he was again joined by Mr. Emil Bach. Solos were also contributed by the latter gentleman with much success, and Mr. Nachez won no little applause for his performances on the violin. The vocalist was Mrs. Grahame Coles, who possesses a rich contralto voice, and sings with much taste and feeling.

That well-known and accomplished harpist, the Chevalier Charles Oberthür, gave his annual morning concert at Princes' Hall on Saturday afternoon, the 31st ult. Naturally, several pieces of his composition were performed, among which were a second Grand Trio Original in C, and a "Prière" for clarinet and harp, in which M. Lazarus gave his most valuable assistance. The concert-giver also exhibited his skill in two pieces by Hasselmanns, and was warmly applauded. Solos for the violin and cello were contributed by Mr. L. de Reeder and M. H. Lütgen, who also joined in the trio; and the vocal element was provided by Madame Fanny Vogri, who sang an air from Mozart's "Tito" with much

dramatic spirit; Mdle. Karin Lindsten, who possesses a pleasant voice; and Mr. Charles Boyd, who struggled not very happily with an air from Gounod's "Irene."

Signor Luigi Denza gave his annual evening concert on Saturday last at Princes' Hall, when three new compositions from his prolific pen were introduced: "Le Reveil," a pleasing song pleasantly sung by Madlle. Leila Dufour, who was encored; "Flowers of the Past," well sung by Mr. Hirwen Jones; and "Pourquoi tardez vous" rendered by Signor Carpi in his well-known style. Madlle. Dufour was also deservedly encored after her artistic singing of "Carmen" and "Vola" by Tosti, a like mark of appreciation being won by Miss Ethel Fraser by her neat and tasteful pianoforte playing in a "Valse Arabesque" by Lack, and "Serenade" by Albanesi. The sympathetic singing of Miss Teresa Blamy is also worthy of mention, and the artistic playing of the Misses Mabel, Stella, Ida, and Ethel Fraser in quartets by Fauconier, Brahms, and Vincent much contributed to the success of the evening. Mr. Harry Williams, Mr. Franklin Clive, and Charles Loder also contributed several songs.

At the last concert of the pupils of the Royal College of Music on the 29th ult. the *pièce de résistance* was Beethoven's Grand Trio in B flat, Op. 97, the last of the composer's works of this class. It is hardly surprising that such a work should be somewhat beyond the capacity of the youthful performers, and it must be confessed that the players of the stringed instruments (Mr. Ernest Hopkinson and Miss Maud Fletcher) were hardly able to develop the full beauty of the work. The pianist, Miss Amy Grimson, had a better chance, and availed herself of it. The lovely Andante was very fairly rendered, but the Scherzo and Finale showed the severity of the test. Miss E. Elsner played Beethoven's Romance in F for violin with taste and feeling, but the accompaniment was not well played, and somewhat damaged the effect of the solo parts. Miss Donkersley executed a violin piece by Kiel with much brilliancy, and was deservedly applauded; and to finish the instrumental items, we should add that Mr. Percy Hodsoll performed Schumann's Organ Fugue on the name of Bach, and that the final piece was Haydn's Quartett in G, best known by the recitative in the Adagio. Miss Jeannie Rankin sang Rubinstein's "Du bist wie eine Blume" with much taste and tenderness; and Miss Ruth Elvidge in Handel's "Lascia ch'io pianga" gave too much reason to fear that premature success before the public is likely to injure her progress as an artist. We have forgotten to mention a dashing performance of one of the Paganini-Liszt Caprices and of Moszkowski's Tarantelle by Mr. V. H. Jackson. His execution promises well.

At his concert in Princes' Hall on Tuesday, Mr. Willy Hess put forward an interesting programme of violin music, sufficiently varied in character to allow full opportunity for the display of his own varied ability as a soloist. Commencing with Rust's Sonata in D minor, a clearly-carved example of late eighteenth-century writing, Mr. Hess gave the *allegro pathétique* from Ernst's Concerto in F sharp minor, Saint-Saëns' Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, and smaller pieces by Bach, Paganini, and Wieniawski, in all of which he achieved uniform and legitimate success, his performances combining in a remarkably equal degree, good expression, good tone, and good execution. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel sang songs and duets, and what need be said of artists whose manifold charms are so familiar? Little, except that Mr. Henschel's voice seemed much mellower than usual. The accompanist was Mr. Frantzen, who did his work admirably.

Mme. Florence Campbell-Perugini and Miss Mary Hutton are to be credited, over and above the vocal excellences displayed by each, with the presentation of an extremely well-chosen programme at their concert in Princes' Hall on Monday afternoon. The justice of this will be sufficiently obvious when it is said that the first-named lady sang Henri Reber's "Les Trois Bûcherons," Gordigiani's "La Ridi alla Finestra," and Gounod's "Ho messo nuove corde"; that Miss Hutton's contributions included three graceful and clever songs by Miss Dora Bright, Grieg's "Ausfahrt," and Gluck's "O del mio dolce"; and that amongst the duets given by the two ladies were Delibes' "Les Norvègiennes," Rubinstein's "Lied der Vögelin," four of Caracciolo's Tuscan Folk Songs, and, above all, three of Dvůřák's most beautiful numbers. It is sufficient to say that the performances of all these exacting pieces were eminently artistic—refinement and taste distinguishing the efforts of both the concert-givers.

M. Johannes Wolff played a violin solo, receiving accustomed applause, and joined Mr. Sidney Vantyn in a performance of Tchaikowski's "Serenade Melancolique."

Miss Ida Audain, a clever young harpist, gave a concert in Princes' Hall on Tuesday evening, when she exhibited her abilities in a favourable light. Her solos were Hasselmans' ballade and John Thomas's "Winter," besides which she joined MM. Eayres and Hollmann in a good performance of Oberthür's Trio for harp, violin, and 'cello, and Signor Li Calsi in a creditable rendering of the same composer's Concertino for harp and pianoforte. Mr. Eayres gave violin solos with much taste, and Mr. Hollmann played on the 'cello with his accustomed skill and effect. The vocalists were Miss Edith Rose, a child of apparently some twelve years, who sang with promise of future excellence; Miss Eleanor Rees, whose beautiful voice was heard in songs by Wadham and Chorley; and Mr. Henry Guy, who gave refined and expressive renderings of Beethoven's "Adelaide" and Blumenthal's "Message."

Mr. Alexander Watson put forward an interesting selection of recitations at Steinway Hall on Saturday afternoon, May 31st. He was particularly successful in Baring Gould's "Building of St. Sophia," which he gave with considerable power and dramatic force. Neither did he fail to demonstrate his mastery of the humorous element, which was shown by the capital manner in which he recited "The Farmer's Photograph" and Mark Twain's painful experience of the Tram-car Conductor's official instructions to "Punch, brothers, punch!" Musical illustrations were supplied by Mme. Mina Cheshire, while during the interval Mr. Reuben Holmes pleased the audience by contributing two songs by Schumann and Molloy respectively. Mr. Holmes is the fortunate possessor of a sympathetic baritone voice of excellent quality, which he uses with refinement and true artistic style. A word of recognition is due to the extremely tasteful decoration of the platform.

A numerous audience assembled on the occasion of Mme. Frickenhaus's pianoforte recital on Wednesday afternoon at Steinway Hall. The lady

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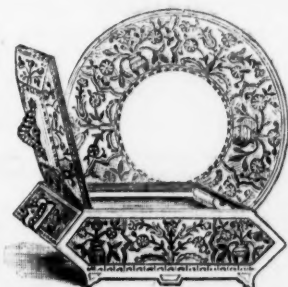
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played, in her usual refined, conscientious, and tasteful manner, pieces by Rameau, Scarlatti, Chopin, Rubinstein, Liszt, Zarzycki, St. Saëns, and Raff, besides Schumann's *Faschingsschwank* and Beethoven's *Sonata*, Op. 109. A particularly successful rendering of St. Saëns' "Caprice sur les airs de Ballet d'Alceste," Mme. Frickenhaus fully appreciating the characteristics of the piece. Two duets for two pianos, played by the concert-giver and her pupil, Miss Sonn, served to introduce a young lady who may be congratulated on the possession of great intelligence in phrasing and the now somewhat rare power of playing a genuine *legato*.

The second concert of the Musical Guild on Wednesday evening at Kensington Town Hall showed no falling off from the previous high standard except as regards the attendance, which was unfavourably affected by the malign influences of the weather and the Derby. Brahms' String Quartett in B flat, Op. 67, one of his most characteristic works, pre-eminently distinguished by its lovely *andante*, was very well played by Messrs. Jasper and Wallace Sutcliffe, A. Hobday, and W. H. Squire. The importance of the viola part in this work justifies a special mention of Mr. Hobday's performance. Beethoven's piano and violin Sonata in G, Op. 96, scarcely received full justice from Mrs. A. H. Leaf and Miss Zoë Pyne. One might have supposed that their ideas of the work differed, and thus they did not seem to play up to one another: and only in the finale did the pianist appear to warm to her work, and show how capable she could really be. Mr. Jasper Sutcliffe played as a violin solo a *Divertimento* by Professor H. Holmes, a pleasing piece, as clear as crystal as regards everything except its title, "Similies." Accepting an encore somewhat hastily, he played another piece of more brilliant character. Mr. Musson deserves praise for his choice of Brahms' fine song "Verrath," which, however, needs more dramatic fire than he can yet command; his fine voice was heard to great advantage in Cellier's "Crossing the bar." An excellent rendering of Mendelssohn's Quintett in B flat by Messrs. A. Bent, W. Sutcliffe, E. Kreuz, A. Hobday, and W. H. Squire, in which the last-named performer particularly distinguished himself, concluded the concert.

Mr. Luther Munday, the clever and popular musical director of the Lyric Club, gave his annual concert in the pretty club theatre on Thursday afternoon of last week. Although a singer of great taste and charm, Mr. Munday made no contribution towards the programme—an example which, not commendable in his own case, might very well be copied by many other concert-givers. At any rate, there was no lack of interest in the programme, for a large number of artists—too many to name—sang and fiddled and recited to excellent purpose, the most successful item being the last, a musical duologue, entitled "A Swarry Dansong," written by Rutland Barrington, and composed and accompanied by Edward Solomon. The piece is very amusing, and the music tuneful, and it was given with the utmost vivacity and humour by Miss Jessie Bond and Mr. Barrington.

That Madame Patti's indisposition should affect the attendance at Mr. Kuhe's second concert, given in the Albert Hall on Saturday afternoon, was of course inevitable; but at least those who attended had an excellent programme set before them. Madame Albani was in excellent voice, and sang "Ah! Fors à lui," Gomez's "Mia Picciarella," and the Gounod-Bach "Ave Maria" in her best style. Madame Trebelli, though evidently still suffering from the effects of her illness, sang with the old charm; and valuable assistance was given by Mr. Plunkett Greene, Mr. Wolff, and Mr. Stavenhagen; and Mr. Sims Reeves sang "The Message."

A concert was given in the Holborn Town Hall on Tuesday evening by Mr. Edward Owen, who contributed several songs with excellent effect, winning much applause for his earnest efforts. The list of artists assisting was long, and included such familiar names as those of Mme. Mary Davies, Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr. John Thomas, Mr. Edwin Bending, and Mr. T. Jacques Haakman, of whom the latter was particularly successful in his violin solo, a fantasia on Scotch airs, which was played with great skill and charm.

A performance of Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria" was given on Tuesday in the Surrey Gardens Mission by the St. Paul's Choral Society. The soloists were Miss Jenny Eddison, Miss Marion Severn, Mr. Alfred Pinnington, and Mr. Ben Grove, who were all very satisfactory, while the general performance, under the able conductorship of the Rev. Corrie Jackson, was most creditable.

Madame Sophie Löwe, whose abilities as a singer and teacher are well and justly recognised, gave a concert in Princes' Hall on Thursday evening of last week, when in songs by Schubert, Schumann, and others she displayed to great advantage the refinement of her style. Assistance was given by several of her pupils, of whom Miss Matze was the most noteworthy. This lady possesses a pleasant voice, and sings with much taste. Madame Haas contributed pianoforte solos with excellent effect.

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April 26.	Miss Zelle de Lussau.
May 3.	Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen.
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